DISCOVER THE HORROR-MOOD IN THIS
...almighty EVIL issue...

# PSYCHO

T.M.

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NO. 10
JANUARY 1973

A SKYWALD HORROR-MOOD PUBLICATION

help me...help me!
cries the EVIL
SUICIDE WEREWOLF

PABLO MARCOS

# PSYCHO

JANUARY 1973 NUMBER 10

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...THIS... IS THE ***ALMIGHTY EVIL ISSUE*** OF ***PSYCHO***... WHEREIN UNMITIGATED HORRORS CLUTCH TOGETHER AND READY THEMSELVES TO LEAP OUT AT YOUR LUNATIC-EMOTIONAL ***HORROR MOOD***...

4... OUR COVER STORY #1 ... ***THE SUICIDE WEREWOLF***..."...CONFESS CORRUPT F...***CONFESS***..."
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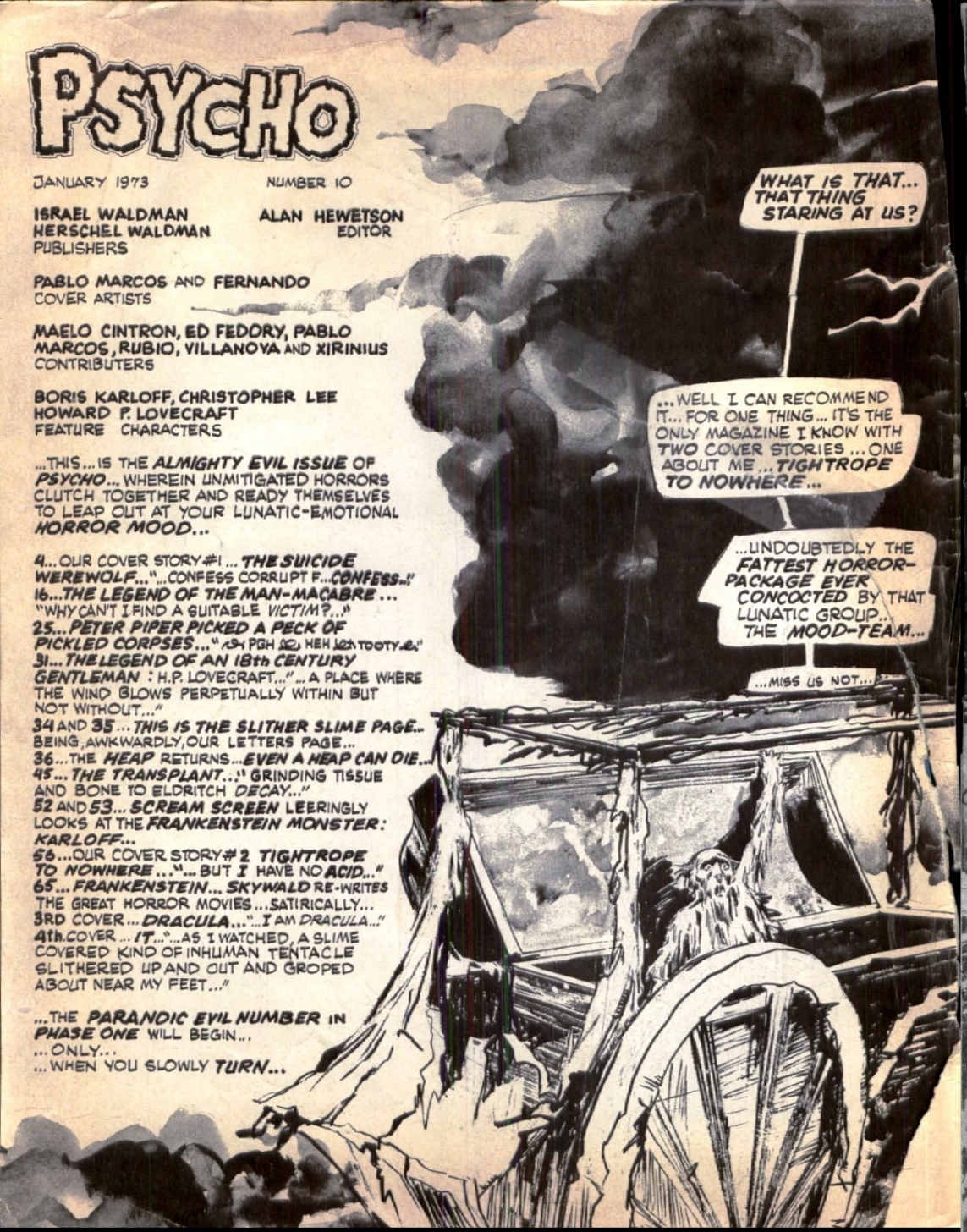
34 AND 35 ... ***THIS IS THE SLITHER SLIME PAGE***... BEING, AWKWARDLY, OUR LETTERS PAGE...
36... THE ***HEAP*** RETURNS... ***EVEN A HEAP CAN DIE***...
45... ***THE TRANSPLANT***..." GRINDING TISSUE AND BONE TO ELDRITCH *DECAY*..."
52 AND 53... ***SCREAM SCREEN*** LEERINGLY LOOKS AT THE ***FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER: KARLOFF***...
56... OUR COVER STORY #2 ***TIGHTROPE TO NOWHERE***..."... BUT I HAVE NO ***ACID***..."
65... ***FRANKENSTEIN***... ***SKYWALD*** RE-WRITES THE GREAT HORROR MOVIES... SATIRICALLY...
3RD COVER... ***DRACULA***..."...I AM *DRACULA*..."
4th COVER... ***IT***..."...AS I WATCHED, A SLIME COVERED KIND OF INHUMAN TENTACLE SLITHERED UP AND OUT AND GROPED ABOUT NEAR MY FEET..."

...THE ***PARANOIC EVIL NUMBER*** IN ***PHASE ONE*** WILL BEGIN...
...ONLY...
...WHEN YOU SLOWLY ***TURN***...



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CONFESS!
...NO!... I HAVE NOTHING TO CONFESS...
CONFESS CORRUPT F. CONFESS!
I HAVE NOTHING TO CONFESS TO... DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
YOU ARE A WEREWOLF... YOU HAVE KILLED... YOU HAVE MAIMED... YOU HAVE BRUTALLY BUTCHERED... HUMAN LIFE CORRUPT F... CONFESS TO YOUR CRIMES...
I HAVE NOTHING TO CONFESS...

YOU REALIZE YOU WILL BE TORTURED UNTIL YOU CONFESS CORRUPT F... SAVE YOURSELF...
THAT'S NOT FAIR... YOU HAVE NO RIGHT...
...SAVE YOURSELF... UNCOUNTED... AGONIES...
--NO-- I WILL NOT CONFESS!
PABLO MARCOS
--CONFESS CORRUPT F.-- CONFESS YOU HAVE KILLED... CONFESS YOU ARE A WEREWOLF... CONFESS... CONFESS'S... CONFESS...
OH GOD HELP ME... HELP ME...
THIS TALE TAKES YOU BEYOND NORMAL BOUNDARIES... IT DOES NOT LIMIT THE IMAGINATION... IT IS A TALE THAT TO ANTICIPATE YOU MUST STUDY CLOSELY-- FOR THIS 'SCENE' IS NOT AS IT 'SEEMS'.. AS THE MAN CALLED CORRUPT F SCREAMS OUT HIS LUNGS CRYING: HELP ME! HELP ME!
...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...
THE SUICIDE WEREWOLF
HEWETSON AND MARCOS
5

GET ME OUT-- GET ME OUT.
DO YOU CONFESS?
NO
I HAVE NOTHING TO CONFESS DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
...DO YOU KNOW WHAT A RACK IS?..
...A RACK?...
THE RACK IS ONE OF THE MOST EVIL INSTRUMENTS OF TORTURE EVER DEVISED...
...IF YOU DO NOT CONFESS YOU WILL HAVE TO SUFFER UNNAMEABLE AGONIES...DO YOU NOW CONFESS?
I HAVE NOTHING TO CONFESS!
CONFESS CORRUPT F... YOU ARE A WEREWOLF!
UUUHH NO GOD UGHHHH
THEN YOU HAVE A LONG WAIT!
...A LONG LONG LONG WAIT CORRUPT F...
...YOU WILL BE TORTURED UNTIL YOU CONFESS...
...DO YOU CONFESS?...
EEEE GOD D GOD DAAAHH

...THEN LET YOUR HORROR BE COMPOUNDED...
GET ME OUT-- GET ME OUT FOR GOD'S SAKE!
...YOU WILL GO FROM ONE TORTURE TO ANOTHER TILL YOU CONFESS...
GOD NO
GOD YES
DO YOU CONFESS?
NO
NO ...OH GOD...
NO! ...LET ME DIE! LET ME DIE
DO YOU WANT TO DIE? THEN CONFESS!!
NO-- THAT IS NOT FAIR!
WHAT IS FAIR AND WHAT IS NOT IS HARDLY YOUR CONCERN AT THE MOMENT CORRUPT F, ALIAS: THE WEREWOLF MURDEROR! CONFESS AND WE WILL PERMIT YOUR DEATH...
NO!

NO! UGH UGH
HE'S TRYING TO BREAK FREE...
...HE'S SNAPPED THE BONDS...
WWRK
WWRK
GOD LORD!
KLASSSHHHH
YOU HAVE THINGS ALL WRONG-- DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
NO-- YOU HAVE THINGS ALL WRONG!
...WHAT THE HELL!!...
...OH GOD...
EEEEAAAAUUUU
...I DON'T REALLY KNOW WHAT MADNESS THIS IS BUT I'M GETTING THE HELL OUT OF IT...

...YOU TRIED TO MAKE ME A...A... SOME KIND OF SCAPEGOAT... I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT...
...I DON'T CARE ANY MORE...
...ALL I CARE ABOUT IS SOME KIND OF REVENGE...
...A SKELETON... JUST A SKELETON UNDER PHONY FLESH!
...GOOD LORD!...

NEW YORK!!
...THIS MAKES NO SENSE EITHER... I'M FROM THE COAST... UPPER NEW ENGLAND... WHAT AM I DOING IN NEW YORK?
...HERE CHILD...
...AAAAAAUUUUUHHH...
MY GOD
...OH MY GOD...
POLICE! POLICE!
...SOMEONE COME... SOMEONE HELP ME...
WHAT HAVE I DONE?
...THE CHILD IS THE SAME AS THE MAN IN THE TORTURE CHAMBER... ...THE SAME... HER ARM IS NOT REAL...
I ONLY WANTED TO ASK HER A QUESTION... HER ARM CAME OFF... SHE'S NOT REAL...
...WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH MY CHILD?
OH GOD
ALRIGHT FREEZE CREEP
...IT'S NOT MY FAULT... EVERYTHING IS SPINNING AROUND IN MY HEAD... IT'S NOT SANE!...
LET GO-A-MY-ARM MAN... YOU'RE KILLING ME... GOD GOD!
THEN TELL ME WHAT GOES ON... IT IS ME THAT IS INSANE?
...OR THE WORLD? TELL ME !!
AAAAAGHHH!
MY GOD... IT'S HAPPENED AGAIN... IS THERE NO END TO THIS BLOODY MADNESS...
WHY IS THIS HAPPENING?
...I APPEAR TO BE THE ODDITY... EVERYONE ELSE IN THIS LUNATIC CITY IS THE SAME...
...I AM THE ONE WHO IS WRONG...
...SOMEHOW...
...A SUBWAY...
...IN THERE ARE COUNTLESS PEOPLE... NOW I WILL KNOW FOR Sure WHO IS THE ONE SOMEHOW AT FAULT...
...SOCIETY... OR ME...
EEEEAAGO DARE YOU MAD? ARE YOU MAD?
...MY GOD.. IT'S ME!

CORRUPT F... FIRST OF A NEW RACE OF...
...ROBOTS...
...INTENDED TO SERVE MAN...
...HE WAS ALRIGHT TILL THEY MADE A WOMAN FOR HIM... IT WAS A VERY FOOLISH MISTAKE... AND POINTLESS ANYWAY--INVENTING A WOMAN ROBOT!--HE TOOK ON HUMAN FEELINGS AND EMOTIONS--WHEN WE REALIZED IT WAS TOO LATE...WE DISMANTLED THE 'WOMAN'...
...HE WENT MAD...
...KILLED--MAIMED INNOCENT PEOPLE TILL WE CAUGHT HIM AND BROUGHT HIM TO BELLEVUE FOR SHOCK TREATMENT... TO SEE HOW FAR HE HAD PROGRESSED IN DEVELOPING HUMAN EMOTIONS...
I CAN'T TAKE THIS... I CAN'T...
...AS TO WHY HE KEPT SHOUTING ABOUT BEING A WEREWOLF I DON'T KNOW...
...I JUST DON'T... BUT HIS MECHANICAL MIND WAS...
SOMEHOW BENT
...BUT EVEN SO THE IMPLICATION OF THE HAIR AND THE UNNATURAL GHOULISM AND...
...GOD...
I WON'T-NO, GOD, I WON'T!
...MAYBE HE IS...
4
WOODLAWN
...THE ENGINEERS AND COPS AND BYSTANDERS CROWDED AROUND THE REMAINS OF CORRUPT F... THEY TALKED EXCITEDLY AT FIRST... BUT WHEN THEY SAW THE BODY AND WHAT WAS LEFT OF THE SO CALLED... 'ROBOT'... THEIR VOICES SUDDENLY QUIETED AND DULLED TO A SULLEN WHISPER...

RRRRRRRRRRRR...
HE SHOULD HAVE BEEN DISMANTLED ALONG WITH THE WOMAN... GOD ONLY KNOWS WHAT WENT THROUGH HIS MIND AS HE ATTACKED THESE PEOPLE... THIS HELPLESS CHILD... THE DOCTOR BACK AT THE HOSPITAL...
WHY WAS HE SHOUTING SOMETHING ABOUT A WEREWOLF THO? WHAT HAS A WEREWOLF GOT TO DO WITH ANYTHING?
...I DON'T KNOW... A CURIOUS ASPECT OF THIS CASE IS THAT--BECAUSE HE WAS SO HUMAN-LIKE IN DESIGN--HIS INVENTORS GAVE HIM NO HAIR SO WE COULD QUICKLY SPOT THE PHYSICAL DIFFERENCE BETWEEN THE ROBOT AND MAN... HE GREW HAIR ALL BY HIMSELF...
AS TO WHY... I... DON'T KNOW...
... HE'S IN THE SUBWAY SIR
4
NO!
...WHEN THE DOCTORS RUSHED DOWN AFTER THEIR PATIENTS... THEIR 'MECHANICAL MAN'... THEY QUICKLY COVERED UP THE BITS OF FLESH AND BONE WITH A HOSPITAL BLANKET...
...AN EXPLANATION MIGHT BE IN ORDER--BUT IT IS NOT FORTHCOMING... NO--WE LEAVE SPECULATION TO YOU... ...OURS... IS NOT TO REASON WHY...

# THE LEGEND OF THE MAN-MACABRE

HEWETSON AND VILLANOVA

WHEN YOU LOOK SLOWLY AND **THINKINGLY** THROUGH THE MORNING DUST AT THE ANCIENT, HAGGARD **ROOFTOPS** OF OLD GREENWICH VILLAGE...YOU THINK OF LEGENDS **REAL** AND **OLD**-- LEGENDS DIM AND **BURIED** AND **FORGOTTEN** BY MOST... **REMEMBERED BY ONLY A FEW**... ...THIS IS **ONE** LEGEND... **FORGOTTEN BY ALL**...

IN THE **BACKYARD** OF A CERTAIN OLD HOME IN GREENWICH THERE IS A **GRAVEYARD**, COVERED IN DUST AND AGE, OVERGROWN BY TALL TREES AND NAMELESS **WEEDS**, UNVISITED BY **MOURNERS** FOR THEY **THEMSELVES** ARE NOW DEAD AND BURIED 'NEATH **ANOTHER** SOILED PLOT...

AND WITHIN THIS GRAVEYARD THERE IS A **CRYPT**- UNDERGROUND AND ALMOST **UNREACHABLE**, ITS **ENTRANCE** BEING NEARLY HIDDEN IN **OVERGROWN TIME**- WHICH REMAINED **ALONE AND UNUSED** MANY UNCOUNTABLE **YEARS**-- HIDING SECRETS TOO **BLACK** TO BE SANE AND **HUMAN**...

IT WAS LAST **AUGUST** I BOUGHT THIS HOUSE, AND IN THAT MONTH THAT I FOUND **THE HIDDEN ENTRANCE** AND DEEP STONE **STAIRWELL** AS I **SEARCHED THE GROUNDS**...

THEY USED TO DIG THESE CRYPTS AWFUL **DEEP** BENEATH THE **GROUND**... **SUPERSTITION**... BUT THIS **STAIRWAY** SEEMS TO **DESCEND ENDLESSLY**...

...WHERE CAN IT **LEAD**?

I FOUND THAT IT LED TO A **LEGEND**... THAT SOME-MAN SOME-WHERE **MUST** KNOW... BUT NOT **I**... TO **ME** IT IS ONLY A **FORBIDDEN MYSTERY**... ...ONE CAN ONLY GUESS AT...

**GOOD LORD...THIS IS NO COMMON CRYPT...IT'S A TORTURE CHAMBER...** ...LIKE SOMETHING **POE** WOULD DREAM UP...

...THE **HORRORS** THAT MUST HAVE OCCURRED HERE WHEN IT WAS IN **OPERATION** MUST HAVE BEEN **HORRENDOUS**... **INHUMAN**...

...AND IT IS ON THAT THOUGHT... THAT WE START OUR TALE...

THE LEGEND OF THE MAN-MACABRE TOOK PLACE ENTIRELY IN THE MONTH OF DECEMBER, 1849...
MANY WOULD CALL THIS MAN SICK... DEPRAVED...
...OR A LUNATIC... A MADMAN...
PPPFFFFFFF
...SUCH OVERUSED WORDS THOSE!... AND WRONG!... HE IS ONLY A ROMANTIC... A MAN-MACABRE...
THOKKA THOKK THOKKA
...ON THE PROWL!
TIC TIC TIKA TIKK TICK
PPPPFFFFFFFF
...AHH...
...SOMEONE BEHIND ME... FOLLOWING?...
...OH GOD...
TIC TIC TIC TIC TIC TAKK TAKK TAKK
...OH WALTER... WALTER...
...SOME MANIAC... CHASED ME THREE BLOCKS ...THANK GOD YOU WERE WAITING FOR ME ...THANK GOD...
...OH DAMMIT...

IS IT NEVER GOING TO HAPPEN?
...TWO WEEKS--AND NOTHING!
THE FIRST GIRL I SOUGHT PULLED A PISTOL OUT OF HER PURSE...
...NEARLY SHOT MY ARM OFF...
--THE SECOND SCREAMED LIKE A BANSHEE...
...THOUGHT MY EARS WOULD DIE ON THE SPOT!
POE WOULD LAUGH AT ME...
...AND HOW I'VE TRIED... I SET IT UP EXACTLY AS HE DESCRIBED SO OFTEN... TO THE MINUTEST DETAIL...
...EVERYTHING...
...IS IT THAT I'M JINXED?..
WHY CAN'T I FIND A SUITABLE VICTIM?
FOR YEARS I'VE BEEN A DEVOTED READER... EVERYTHING POE EVER WROTE I KNOW BY HEART... THEN WHEN HE DIED JUST A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO... I THOUGHT I'D DIE TOO...
...THEN I KNEW WHAT I COULD DO... I HAD TO KEEP HIM ALIVE!
...HIS MEMORY... HIS WORKS...
...NOW IN THIS COMPOSITE DUNGEON OF TORTURE HE IS ALIVE... ALL HIS MOMENTS OF GLORY ... HIS FINEST WORDS AND IDEAS ... NOW THEY ARE REAL...
BUT I HAVE NO VICTIM... NO INNOCENT TO PUT TO THIS PROUD RACK...
...I MUST SEEK ALTERNATE MEANS...

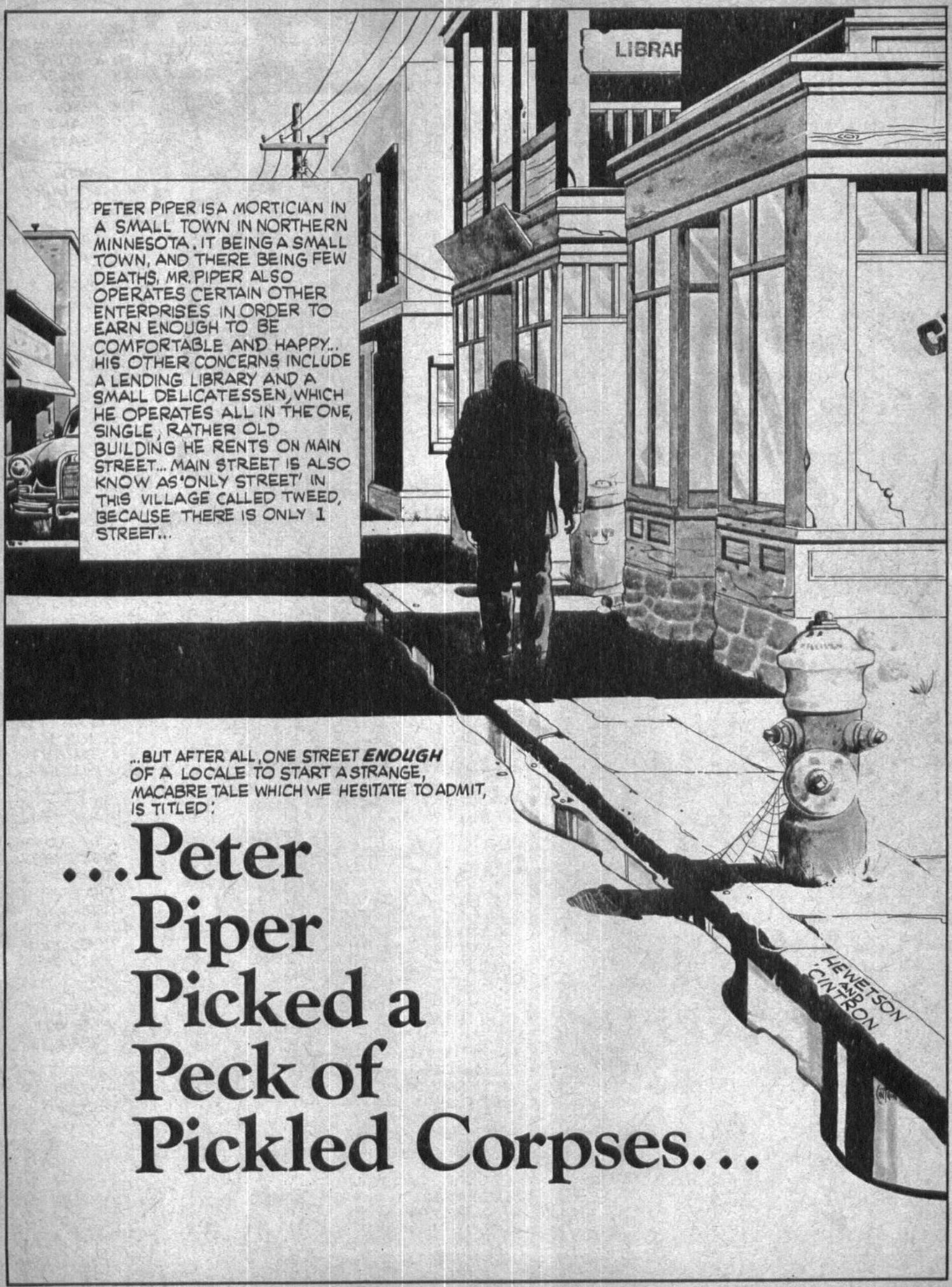
NOW-- AS THE LEGEND CONTINUES, IT IS A NIGHT OR TWO LATER...
LOOK AT THAT MAN... HE'S ODD...
...WEIRD...
...YES, WEIRD-- LOOK AT HIS CLOTHES ...ALL BLACK... HIS EYES DART AROUND THE ROOM LIKE HE'S LOOKING INTO EVERYBODY'S MIND...
I THINK HE'S RATHER ATTRACTIVE...
...YOU'RE JOKING... A FREAK LIKE THAT?
FREAK? DON'T BE OUTRAGEOUS... HE LOOKS PERFECTLY DIVINE... I'M GOING OVER TO INTRODUCE MYSELF...
OH DON'T BE SUCH A PRUDE... IT'S A PARTY ISN'T IT?
MELINDA... DON'T BE SO FORWARD...
I'M MELINDA-- I'VE BEEN WATCHING YOU...
NOTHING IS MORE INTERESTING AT A PARTY THAN A MAN-ALONE!
WHY?
ARE YOU TRYING TO BE RUDE?...
NOT AT ALL... NOW DON'T BE SO CONCERNED... I WON'T BITE YOUR HEAD OFF... WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
MORRIS MANNING? THAT'S HORRIBLE!
MORRIS... MANNING...
YOU'RE BEING RUDE!
I'M SORRY... I'LL CALL YOU MORRIS...
WOULD YOU LIKE TO COME HOME WITH ME TONIGHT?
...AND A MINUTE AGO I THOUGHT I WAS BEING FORWARD!
I'M SORRY I... I HAVEN'T BEEN WITH GIRLS MUCH... I'VE BEEN A RECLUSE, KEEPING TO MYSELF... I DON'T KNOW HOW TO SPEAK... WHAT TO SAY...
...I HAVE SOMETHING TO SHOW YOU... I'VE JUST BUILT A SPECIAL... MONUMENT... TO POE! HAVE YOU EVER READ ANYTHING OF POE?
A LITTLE... NOT MUCH...
WHAT'S THIS MONUMENT ALL ABOUT...
I'VE NEVER SHOWN ANYBODY... I'VE JUST FINISHED BUILDING IT!
HE WAS A GENIUS YOU KNOW...
...IT'S BEAUTIFUL IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF... IT'S BENEATH MY HOME IN GREENWICH...

BENEATH YOUR HOME?
...YOU'LL SEE...I'M GLAD YOU DECIDED TO COME... MY DRIVER WILL TAKE YOU DIRECTLY HOME AFTER...
...MELINDA...
IT'S SO DARK OUT HERE MORRIS...
DUNGEON?
...THE DUNGEON IS WELL-LIT!...
DON'T BE UPSET...THERE'S NOTHING TO BE SCARED OF... NOTHING AT ALL! ...I WON'T HURT YOU MELINDA... NOT REALLY...I JUST WANT TO TRY THINGS OUT...
MORRIS...WHAT DO YOU MEAN YOU WON'T HURT ME...I THINK YOU'D BETTER TELL ME WHAT...
...AAAHHH...MY ARM...YOU'RE HURTING ME...
I'M SORRY MELINDA...I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU... BUT YOU MUSTN'T PROTEST...
MY GOD MORRIS--WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?
OH MORRIS...ARE YOU...HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MIND...WHY ...WHY?
DO YOU LIKE IT? DON'T YOU THINK IT'S A FINE TRIBUTE?
...OOOOHHHHH....
...MELINDA... WHAT?...
I'VE TOLD YOU WHY MELINDA...
A TORTURE CHAMBER WITHOUT A VICTIM IS USELESS...
...DID YOU THINK I'D GO TO ALL THIS TROUBLE TO BUILD SOMETHING THAT WOULD NEVER BE USED...
WHAT ARE YOU DOING MORRIS... YOU'RE NEARLY BREAKING MY WRIST...
...UNCONSCIOUS...
IT'S NO GOOD IF SHE'S UNCONSCIOUS ...THEY'LL BE NO SCREAMS...NO CRIES OF AGONY...
...THERE'LL BE NO POINT...

I HAD TO FAKE THIS FAINTING TRICK THEN OR HE'D HAVE STRAPPED ME INTO ONE OF HIS CONTRAPTIONS...
...AND THERE'S NO WAY I'D LET HIM DO THAT TO ME... ME OF ALL PEOPLE...
HE'S NOT OUT OF HIS MIND...I COUNTED ON MY BEING UNCONSCIOUS AS BEING ENOUGH TO STOP HIM...
...TAKE THE JOY OUT OF IT...
BUT MY PHONY ACT WON'T KEEP HIM OFF FOR LONG... GOT TO ESCAPE...
...OUT OF HERE!
DON'T WORRY MY PRETTIES... SHE'LL BE OUT OF IT SOON AND YOU'LL HAVE YOUR FIRST VICTIM...
...HE SEES ME...
MELINDA!
DON'T RUN... I DON'T WANT TO HURT YOU... NOT REALLY...
STAY BACK... I WARN YOU... STAY BACK MORRIS...
PLEASE MELINDA... I JUST WANT TO TRY THINGS OUT... MY PENDULUM... POE'S PENDULUM...
I WARNED YOU MORRIS...
YEEAAAAA
...MY GOD... DID I KILL HIM?...

HE'S OUT COLD...
...HE'LL BE ALRIGHT... BUT... I CAN'T LEAVE HIM HERE LIKE THIS...
...HE'S SUCH A NICE MAN...I FELT SO ATTRACTED TO HIM...
PERHAPS...
...HE CAN BE TAUGHT A LESSON...
SWWWOOOOOOOFFFFF
SWWWWOOOOOOOOFFFFF
...WHAT?...
... WHAT IN HEAVEN'S NAME... THE BLADE... MY GOD THE BLADE... I'M CAUGHT IN MY OWN INSTRUMENT...
...MELINDA! GOD MELINDA... IS THIS YOUR DOING...
...YES...
YOU WANTED TO TRY THINGS OUT...
...YOU WANTED A VICTIM...
... YOU HAVE ONE...
TRUE-- THAT'S THE CHANCE YOU'LL HAVE TO TAKE...
BUT...BUT YOU DON'T KNOW HOW TO WORK ANYTHING...I...I COULD GET KILLED...
MELINDA... MELINDA... MY GOD...
IT'S GOING TO KILL ME... GET ME OUT... GET ME OUT...
I WOULDN'T HAVE HURT YOU... I SWEAR TO YOU...I KNEW I COULDN'T HURT YOU... FROM THE MINUTE I MET YOU AT THE PARTY... I KNEW I LOVED YOU...
...I WOULDN'T HAVE HURT YOU MELINDA... FOR GOD'S SAKE... STOP THE BLADE...
SWWWOOOOOOOOOPPPHHHHH
SWWWWOOOOOOOOOPPPHHHHH

SWWWWOOOOOOFFF WHAKKKKKWHKKKKK
PPPPHHHHEEEEEEETTTTT
....AHHHH...
... MY GOD MELINDA... WHY...
WHY?
BECAUSE... BECAUSE I LOVE YOU TOO...
...BECAUSE I KNEW IT WAS ONLY AN INFATUATION... NOT A DISEASE... AN ILLNESS OF THE MIND... JUST A ROMANTIC DREAM...
...I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T HURT ME MORRIS...
...YOU JUST NEEDED TO BE TAUGHT A LESSON... WHAT IT'S LIKE... TO BE IN THE VICTIM'S SHOES...
BUT MELINDA... IF YOU KNEW I WOULDN'T HURT YOU THEN...THEN WHY?...
WHY NOT JUST SUBMIT? GET THINGS OUT OF YOUR SYSTEM THAT WAY?
BECAUSE I COULDN'T MORRIS...I JUST COULDN'T... YOU SEE...THAT'S WHAT THEY DID TO MY ANCESTORS...MY MOTHER...MY GRANDMOTHER ...TORTURED THEM...
...IN INSTRUMENTS LIKE THESE?... BUT WHY MELINDA?...
PERHAPS FOR THE SAME REASON WE ARE SO ATTRACTED TO EACH OTHER MORRIS...
...BECAUSE I TOO AM MACABRE...
...I AM OF A LONG... PROUD ...MACABRE FAMILY OF WITCHES...
...AND THE WITCH-MACABRE AND THE MAN-MACABRE LIVED HAPPILY EVER AFTER... FOR INCOME THEY KEPT A GRAVEYARD IN THEIR BACKYARD...ODD PERHAPS... BUT THEN-- THEY ENJOYED THEIR WORK...
NOW...LET US RETURN TO THE PRESENT...
...MY GOD WHAT A DISCOVERY... A TORTURE CHAMBER UNDERNEATH NEW YORK CITY'S GREENWICH VILLAGE...
...LIKE SOMETHING POE WOULD DREAM UP...
I'LL PROMOTE IT INTO THE BIGGEST ATTRACTION THE VILLAGE HAS EVER HAD ...CLEAN EVERYTHING UP... MAKE EVERYTHING OPERATIONAL AGAIN... IT MUST HAVE BEEN A TORTURE GARDEN OF SOME MANIAC...
...PROBABLY TORTURED... KILLED HUNDREDS IN THIS UNHOLY CRYPT... THE GRAVEYARD IN THE BACKYARD... PROBABLY STUFFED WITH HIS VICTIMS...


LIBRAR
PETER PIPER IS A MORTICIAN IN A SMALL TOWN IN NORTHERN MINNESOTA. IT BEING A SMALL TOWN, AND THERE BEING FEW DEATHS, MR. PIPER ALSO OPERATES CERTAIN OTHER ENTERPRISES IN ORDER TO EARN ENOUGH TO BE COMFORTABLE AND HAPPY... HIS OTHER CONCERNS INCLUDE A LENDING LIBRARY AND A SMALL DELICATESSEN, WHICH HE OPERATES ALL IN THE ONE, SINGLE, RATHER OLD BUILDING HE RENTS ON MAIN STREET... MAIN STREET IS ALSO KNOW AS 'ONLY STREET' IN THIS VILLAGE CALLED TWEED, BECAUSE THERE IS ONLY 1 STREET...
...BUT AFTER ALL, ONE STREET ENOUGH OF A LOCALE TO START A STRANGE, MACABRE TALE WHICH WE HESITATE TO ADMIT, IS TITLED:
...Peter Piper Picked a Peck of Pickled Corpses...
HEWETSON AND CINTRON

THERE IS NOT VERY MUCH TO SAY ABOUT MR. PIPER, HE IS A SHY RETIRING MAN WHO LIVES ALONE AND, HAVING LITTLE REALLY TO DO IN TWEED, HE WORKS A LOT... PUTTING HIS ENTERPRISES IN GOOD ORDER... KEEPING THE ANCIENT YELLOW BOOKS OF HIS LENDING LIBRARY IN PROPER SHAPE...
...ATTENDING TO HIS DUTIES AS TWEED'S MORTICIAN...
...AND MAKING SURE TWEED'S ONLY DELI IS WELL STOCKED WITH MANY PICKLED MEATS AND PRESERVES...
...AND SINCE YOU'VE BEEN GUESSING ALL ALONG THAT THE BODIES AND THE MEATS ARE SOMEHOW LINKED, WE SHAN'T KEEP YOU IN SUSPENSE ANY LONGER... WE'LL ADMIT THAT MR. PIPER OCCASIONALLY TRIES TO MAKE A FEW EXTRA DOLLARS BY STUFFING PEOPLE PARTS ON HIS SHELVES...
...THIS IS NOTHING TO BE DISTURBED ABOUT, BECAUSE THE CITIZENS OF THIS RURAL COMMUNITY DON'T REALLY GIVE A DAMN ONE WAY OR THE OTHER ABOUT WHAT THEY EAT...
...AND BESIDES... THIS HAS LITTLE TO DO WITH OUR TALE... WHICH IS REALLY ABOUT MR. PIPER'S LOVE FOR ANIMALS...
HIS COLLECTION INCLUDES CATS, DOGS, FROGS, RACCOONS, HOOT OWLS, GOPHERS, PARROTS, CHIPMUNKS, TURTLES, RABBITS, LIZARDS, BEAVERS, SQUIRRELS, PIGEONS, SKUNKS, LYNXES, SALAMANDERS, PORCUPINES AND SEVERAL FIELD MICE... ALL OF WHOM ARE LOVINGLY AND TENDERLY CARED FOR BY THE SOFT-HEARTED MR. PIPER... WHO CANNOT BRING HIMSELF TO TURN AWAY A PAIR OF SAD EYES FROM HIS DOOR...
...THE CHILDREN OF TWEED DAILY COME TO PLAY W.TH MR. PIPER'S PETS ...AND ARE GENUINE FRIENDS TO THE OLD MAN WHO, AT AGE 78, FINDS HIMSELF NEAR DEATH...
...ONE NIGHT AS MR. PIPER SITS ON HIS VERANDA LISTENING TO THE CRICKETS AND THE FROGS HE HEARS A LOW, GARBLED SORT OF VOICE...
...GETTING ONTO HIS HANDS AND KNEES, HE FINDS A MINI-MACABRE ANIMAL ABOUT THE SIZE OF OSCAR, WALLY, RENE AND TINY TIM--HIS TAME FIELD MICE--THE NEVER ENDING SOUNDS THAT CAME FROM THE ANIMAL'S MOUTH WHERE ASTONISHING...
..DANG OL' FLOOR BOARDS... SHUTTUP...
WHUT WE GOT HERE? WHUT IS THIS... DARNDEST LITTLE THING I EVER SEEN...
WEEEEEEEEEPPP

...AND MAKING SURE TWEED'S ONLY DELI IS WELL STOCKED WITH MANY PICKLED MEATS AND PRESERVES...
HIS COLLECTION INCLUDES CATS, DOGS, FROGS, RACCOONS, HOOT OWLS, GOPHERS, PARROTS, CHIPMUNKS, TURTLES, RABBITS, LIZARDS, BEAVERS, SQUIRRELS, PIGEONS, SKUNKS, LYNXES, SALAMANDERS, PORCUPINES AND SEVERAL FIELD MICE... ALL OF WHOM ARE LOVINGLY AND TENDERLY CARED FOR BY THE SOFT-HEARTED MR. PIPER... WHO CANNOT BRING HIMSELF TO TURN AWAY A PAIR OF SAD EYES FROM HIS DOOR...
...GETTING ONTO HIS HANDS AND KNEES, HE FINDS A MINI-MACABRE ANIMAL ABOUT THE SIZE OF OSCAR, WALLY, RENE AND TINY TIM--HIS TAME FIELD MICE--THE NEVER ENDING SOUNDS THAT CAME FROM THE ANIMAL'S MOUTH WHERE ASTONISHING...
..DANG OL' FLOOR BOARDS... SHUTTUP...
WHUT WE GOT HERE? WHUT IS THIS... DARNDEST LITTLE THING I EVER SEEN...
WEEEEEEEEEPPP
INKLY'S POOP

MR. PIPER CARRIED THE TINY THING INTO HIS HOUSE AND LOOKED AT IT CLOSELY IN THE LIGHT... IT JUMPED UP AND DOWN ON THE TABLE IN FRONT OF HIM AND WAVED IT'S ARMS ABOUT...

... MY GOD...

...WHUT KINDA LITTLE MITE IS THIS I GOT ?...

MEPT PHPHTTTT YTEEDLE POOTYPOOOTY POOOTY NURDY

BOUNCE

BOUNCE

...THEN IT JUMPED OFF TH TABLE ONTO THE FLOOR, LANDING WITH A CERTAIN UNDESCRIBABLE DEFT...

HEY!

BOOOMP

...IT BOUNCED ABOUT ON THE FLOOR AND SCRAMBLED TO THE CORNERS OF THE ROOM, SEEMINGLY SNIFFING; THEN ABRUPTLY, IT BOUNCED UP AND DOWN ON THE MEAT SHELVES LIKE A LUNATIC AND SHOUTED VERY LOUDLY. MR. PIPER WAS SIMPLY ASTOUNDED

FEPPLE DOOD TIAKK MID PAP

POOSH

POOSH

POOSH

... YOU TRYIN' TO **TELL ME SOMETHIN'** LITTLE FELLAH?... THE WAY YO'R BOUNCIN' UP AND DOWN LIKE THAT... WAVIN' YOUR ARMS ABOUT... LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT SOMETHIN' **SERIOUS** ON YOUR **MIND**...

THEN IT SCURRIED ACROSS THE ROOM AND STOOD IN THE DOORWAY OF THE FUNERAL PARLOR AND GAVE THE APPEARANCE OF 'MOTIONING' FOR THE AMUSED MORTICIAN TO FOLLOW HIM...

MEED PLE FOR FOR FORFORFOR WINKLY POOP

BOUNCE

BOUNCE

BOUNCE

...THE OLD MAN'S SMILE SLOWLY VANISHED NOW AS THE ANIMAL BOUNCED OVER TO WHERE HE HAD BEEN EMBALMING A CORPSE..IT CRAWLED UP THE LEG OF THE TABLE AND JUMPED UP AND DOWN ON THE CORPSES' CHEST...

... HEY...

...WAIT A MINUTE THERE LITTLE FELLAH...

POOOMP

BEEP BEEP PBBBBTTT BDEKKTIIITIIIYYUPPP

POOOMP

POOOMP

...IT BECAME CLEAR TO PIPER THAT: a) THE ANIMAL WAS OF ABNORMAL INTELLIGENCE... b) IT WAS TRYING TO TELL HIM SOMETHING... c) IT WAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH CORPSES AND PICKLING...

FKDKDK MEPPPPOP PEP TOT TOOY

...I THINK...I THINK IT'S BEGINNING TO HIT ME WHAT YO'R GETTIN' A LITTLE FELLAH...

...BUT **WHO?**... ...**WHERE?**...

...THE ANIMAL SEEMED TO SMILE A LITTLE AT MR. PIPER AND JUMPED OFF THE CORPSE, ONTO THE FLOOR, AND RAN TO THE BACK DOOR... WHICH HE SCAMPERED OUT... LEAVING THE OLD MAN OF TWEED ALONE AND MOMENTARILY THOUGHTFUL...

...THEN IT RETURNED AND STOOD IN THE DOORWAY, CARRYING IN ITS ARMS ITS DEAD LITTLE WIFE...

...MR. PIPER PICKED UP THE WIFE-ANIMAL AND CARRIED IT TO A TABLE WHERE HE LAID IT DOWN GENTLY... HE WENT OVER TO HIS CUPBOARD AND WITHDREW A HYPODERMIC NEEDLE AND A SMALL AMOUNT OF EMBALMING FLUID...

...WHILE THE MINI-MACABRE HUSBAND WATCHED... THE MORTICIAN INSERTED THE HYPODERMIC NEEDLE IN THE ARM OF THE WOMAN AND SLOWLY PUMPED THE FLUID INTO HER DEAD VEINS...

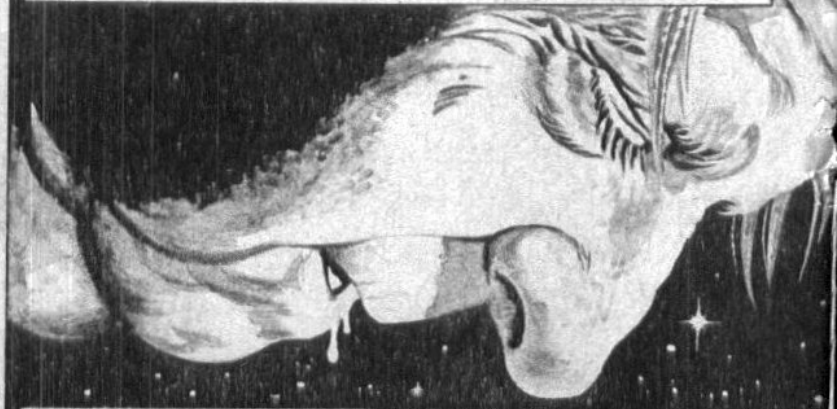
...HE TURNED TO THE MOURNING HUSBAND AND INDICATED HE HAD DONE ALL THAT WAS NECESSARY... THE ANIMAL-MAN LOOKED FIRST AT HIS WIFE'S REMAINS AND THEN AT MR. PIPER ...HE WALKED OVER TO HIS OPEN HAND AND PRESSED SOMETHING IN IT...

THEN HE PICKED UP HIS WIFE AND LEFT... LEAVING MR. PIPER TO LOOK AT HIS PAYMENT... A SMALL UNEARTHLY COIN FASHIONED OF SOME OTHER-WORLD METAL SHIMMERED IN HIS HAND...

MR. PIPER SMILED AND WALKED OUT ONTO HIS VERANDA... HE COULD SEE THE TINY SPACECRAFT WEAVING ITS WAY UP FROM A NEARBY CLUMP OF TREES, SEE IT SEEM TO HOVER FOR A MOMENT OVER THE FUNERAL PARLOR... THEN SHIFT OFF INTO THE STARTS FOR HOME... WHERE HIS VISITOR'S WIFE WOULD BE PROPERLY BURIED IN THE CUSTOMS OF THE FAR-OFF PLANET...

...HE HAD SEEN TO IT SHE'D LAST THE TRIP...

...THIS EVENT IS PROBABLY THE MOST EXTRA-ORDINARY HAPPENING THAT'S EVER TAKEN PLACE IN TWEED, MINNESOTA, YET THE ONLY CITIZEN WHO WITNESSED IT SITS QUIETLY ON HIS VERANDA ROCKING AND LISTENING TO CRICKETS AND FROGS AND PLAYING WITH HIS PETS...



...AFTER AWHILE, THAT SAME NIGHT, HE STOPPED LISTENING AND STOPPED ROCKING AND CEASED PLAYING... AND QUIETLY DIED... PETER PIPER HAS LIVED A GOOD LIFE... AND NOW THAT IT WAS OVER HE HAD NO REGRETS...

# The Legend of an 18th Century gentleman: H.P.Lovecraft

photo: ARKHAM HOUSE

## THE LEGEND OF AN 18TH CENTURY GENTLEMAN: HOWARD P. LOVECRAFT by ALAN HEWETSON

Howard P. Lovecraft wrote and lived his weird tales in the provincial town of Arkham in Massachussetts. In this 18th century place of prosperous peak-roofs, sunset-flushed ionic columns, Victorian manses, and slippery walls he wandered through the early-dark hours - stopping here and there neath barbaric and snarling tree limbs, pausing to think and write in sequestered graveyards - this macabre gentleman of American Literature of the twenties and thirties breathed into his work an emotion of reality unknown in other's writings.

Arkham, Mass., does not exist on any map; but as the Rhode Island Historical Society does not hesitate to suggest, Arkham is PROVIDENCE, R. I., where Lovecraft's attachment was so strong it permeated all his tales. H.P.L. was a romantic, who in his letters actually stated he would have preferred to have lived during the 18th or 19th, rather than the twentieth, century. Providence gave him this opportunity, for in the 1920's and 30's it was a town only slightly removed from that other era he so loved. It is a city that remembers him through it's heritage and its legends (though it knew not even of his existence when he was alive). The places where he lived are shrined to Lovecraftmaniacs; his birthplace at 66 College Street was moved and is restored at the corner of Prospect and Meeting Streets. 66 College Street is now the John Hay Library (of BROWN University), and houses the world's most complete collection of Lovecraft material.

In the John Hay LOVECRAFT COLLECTION are all of his surviving original and typed manuscripts, his many letters and postcards to friends and associates and fellow writers, many hand drawn sketches and photographs never published, and many other memorabilia of this late writer.

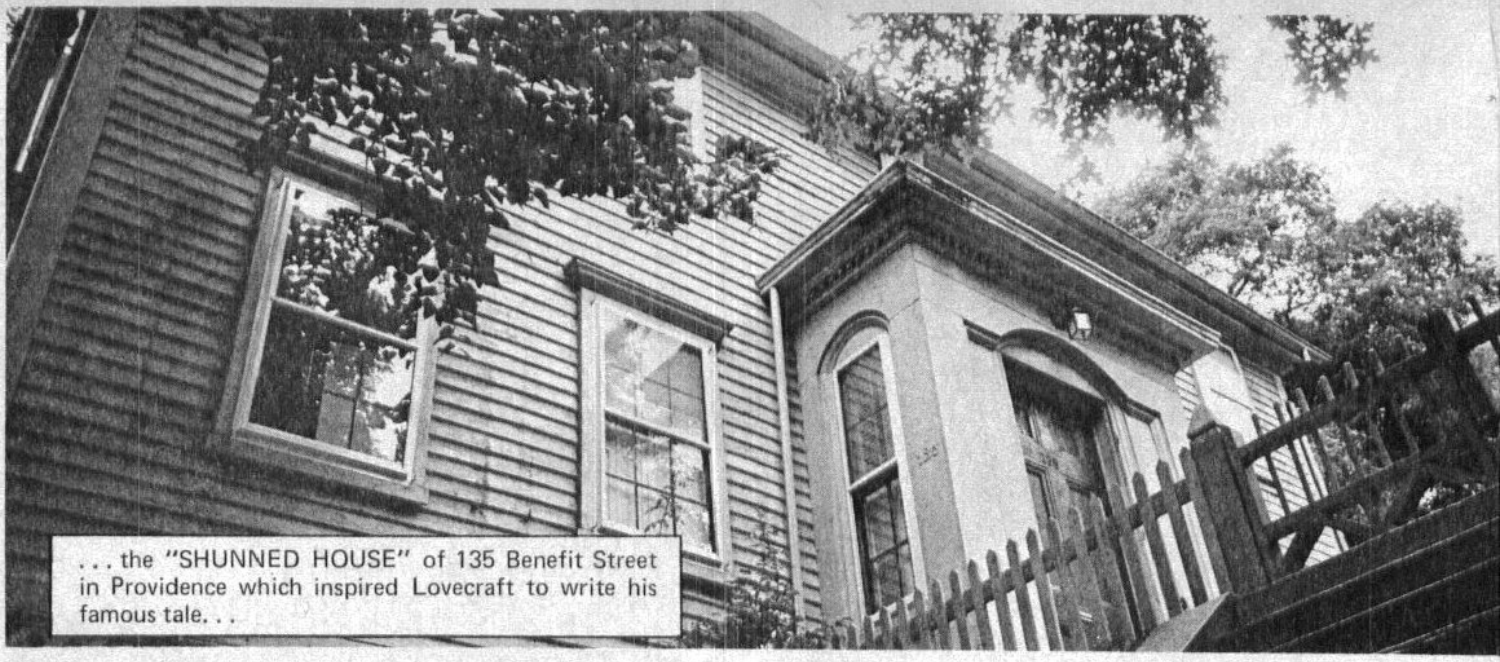
Lovecraft sold almost exclusively to the famous Chicago based pulp magazine of the period: WEIRD TALES. . . and existed on a near poverty income, which he supplemented by ghost writing for others - such as the famous HOUDINI escape artist.

ARKHAM HOUSE, established years ago by his friend and fellow weird-writer, the late AUGUST DERLETH, has re-published all Lovecraft's tales and letters and poems in several beautiful hardbound editions, such as DAGON, AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS, THE DUNWICH HORROR and several others. (A free catalogue is available to anyone writing: THE LOVECRAFT EDITIONS, ARKHAM HOUSE PUBLISHERS, Sauk City, Wisconsin 53583).

This man-macabre, this Lovecraft, is the inspiration for SKYWALD's emotion-evoking HORROR-MOOD. The writers of the weird tales in these magazines are Lovecraft lovers, and their admiration for him is reflected in their tales (just as Al Feldstein's E.C. comic publications are also somewhat reflected). It is generally considered that Lovecraft's writings were awkward and poorly structured, yet, he is held in qualified respect by virtually everyone who has read his work. The 'qualification' being, that his strength lay in the horrific images which he concocted through the use of emotional description. This description, though often labored and long, never failed to conspire with its own context to evoke definitive atmospherics.

. . . from: 'THE FESTIVAL . . .

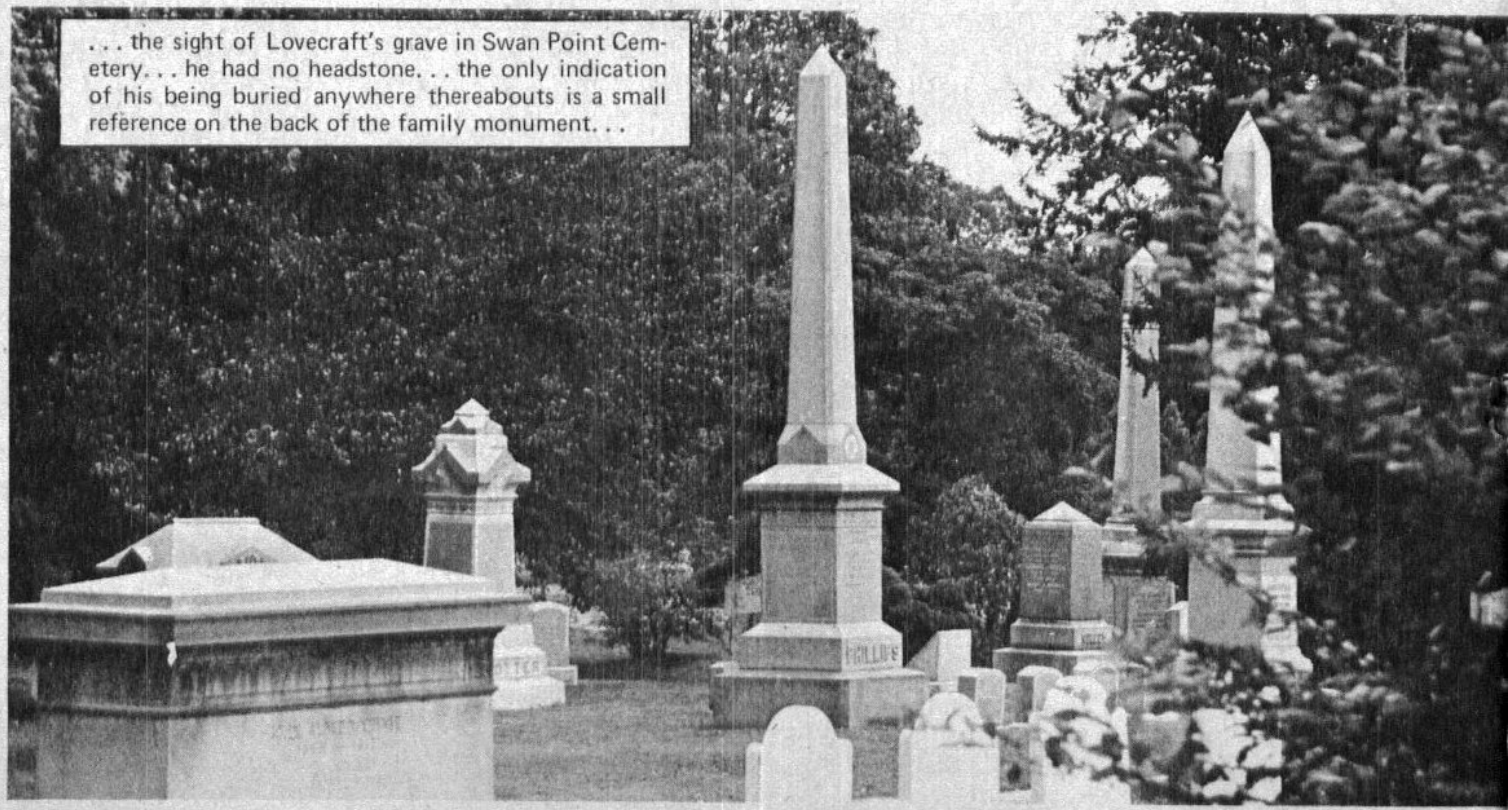
". . . there was an open space around the church; partly a churchyard with spectral shafts, and partly a half-paved square swept nearly bare of snow by the wind, and lined with unwholesomely archaic houses having peaked roofs and overhanging gables. Death-fires danced over the tombs, revealing gruesome vistas,, though queerly failing to cast any shadows. Past the churchyard, where there were no houses, I could see over the hill's summit and watch the glimmer of stars on the harbour, though the town was invisible in the dark. Only once in



. . . the "SHUNNED HOUSE" of 135 Benefit Street in Providence which inspired Lovecraft to write his famous tale. . .

. . . the restored birthplace of Lovecraft, an eerie and dismal manse when blue-black shadows fall upon its shuttered windows by night. . .

. . . the publishers are proud and pleased to present this feature about the late macabre writer, H. P. Lovecraft, who so influences modern horror writing. Our editor, Alan (Archaic) Hewetson, recently spent a week in Providence, R.I., where Lovecraft spent most of his life. Mr Hewetson returned to New York with IT, the prose presentation on the outside back cover of this issue, and several other Lovecraftian inspired tales "continuing the Cthuhlu Mythos" which will shortly appear, such as "WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH" and "THIS ARCHAIC BREEDING GROUND". We wish to thank the following people and organizations for their assistance in this Lovecraft review: NOEL CONLON, editor, THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY; JOHN CROMPTON, THE SWAN POINT CEMETERY in Providence, Rhode Island; JOHN HARVEY, the JOHN HAY LIBRARY of Brown University; ANN BANKS, associate editor of English and American Civilization at Brown University; the late AUGUST DERLETH and his ARKHAM HOUSE PUBLISHERS. Thank You.



. . . the sight of Lovecraft's grave in Swan Point Cemetery. . . he had no headstone. . . the only indication of his being buried anywhere thereabouts is a small reference on the back of the family monument. . .

material: ARKHAM HOUSE PUBLISHERS

a while a lanthorn bobbed horribly through serpentine alleys on its way to overtake the throng that was now slipping speechlessly into the church. I waited till the crowd had oozed into the black doorway, and till all the stranglers had followed. The old man was pulling at my sleeve, but I was determined to be the last. Crossing the threshold into the swarming temple of unknown darkness, I turned once to look at the outside world as the churchyard phosphorescence cast a sickly glow on the hilltop pavement. And as I did so I shuddered. For though the wind had not left much snow, a few patches did remain on the path near the door; and in that fleeting backward look it seemed to my troubled eyes that they bore no mark of passing feet, not even MINE!. . .

The literary learned argue about Howard Phillips Lovecraft and Edgar Allan Poe, refusing to accept them EACH as valuable contributors of personal and unique styles — argue and compare them, to conclude: Lovecraft didn't do 'this' in which Poe was accomplished; or, Poe could never portray Lovecraft's 'that'. Perhaps the readers of WEIRD TALES were above this need of the intellectual to label device, for THEY argued not, and appreciated each author's own merits.

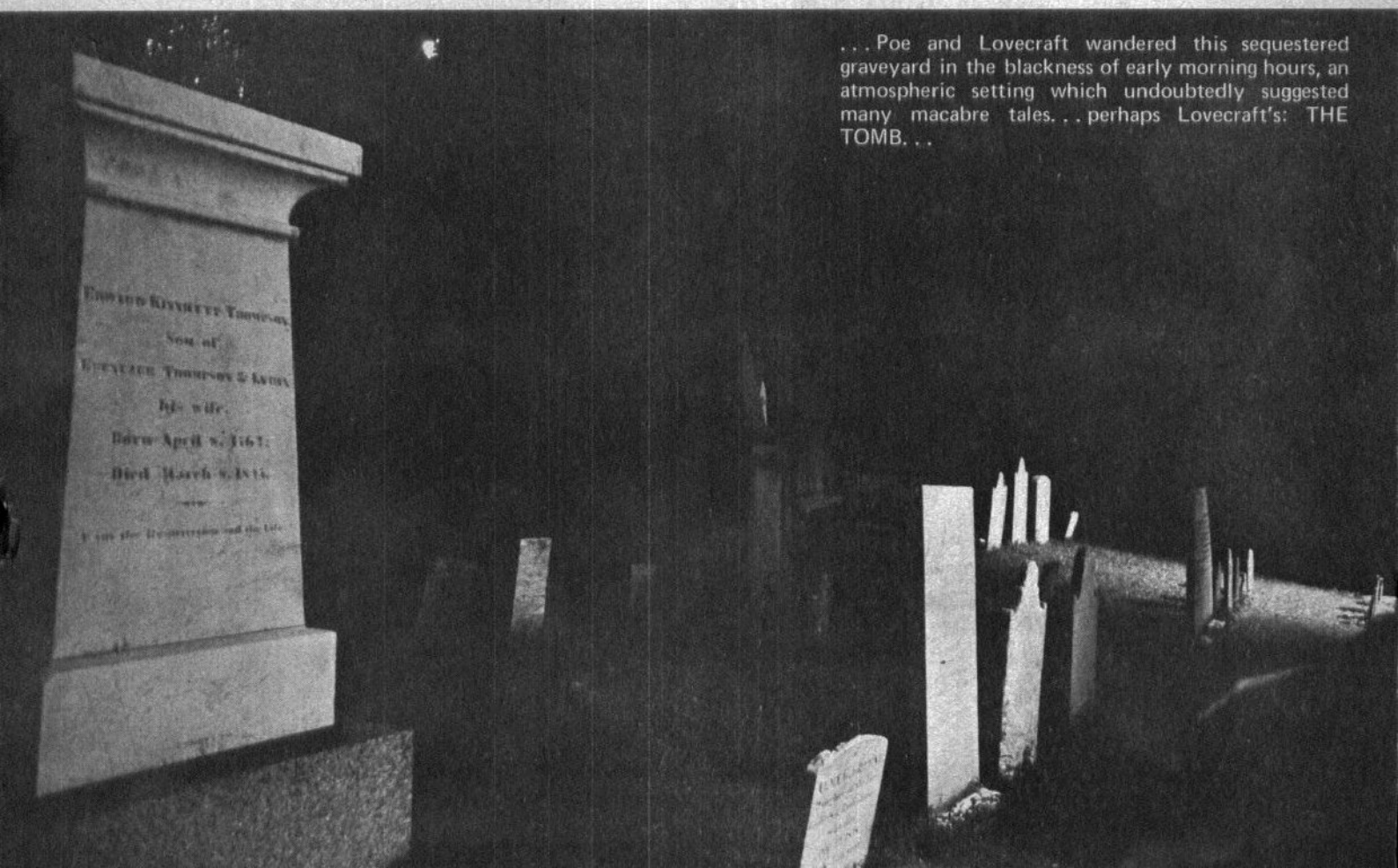
. . . ". . . past the churchyard, where there were no houses, I could see the hill's summit and watch the glimmer of stars on the harbour, though the town was invisible in the dark. . . " - a passage that might well have been written in the sequestered graveyard behind St. John's church on North Main Street in Providence, where at 4 in the morning, Lovecraft would go and sit and write. Years before, Edgar Allan Poe sat with his woman - Sarah Helen Whitman - wooed and romanced her in this tiny and old place, where no tomb is a hundred and fifty years young. In this place I sat too at 4:00 a.m., alone but for the spectral company of Poe and Lovecraft.

It is a place where they were at home, near ageless timeless tombs that they imagined to open and thrust out lunatic occupants to terrorize the world of the living; a place where the wind blows perpetually within but not without; where noises issue from heaving grass underfoot; where to walk is to become terribly frightened of shadows and things behind. . . a place not at all on this earth.

It is not fitting that H. P. Lovecraft does not enjoy the reputation of Poe; history, we know, will correct this injustice. For the moment, it is perhaps enough that he is loved and cherished by the few hundred thousand who these days pour over his reprinted works. . . THE TOMB, BEYOND THE WALL OF SLEEP, FROM BEYOND, THE PICTURE IN THE HOUSE, THE TERRIBLE OLD MAN, THE MUSIC OF ERICH ZANN, THE NAMELESS CITY, THE OUTSIDER, HERBERT WEST: REANIMATOR, THE LURKING FEAR, THE RATS IN THE WALL, THE UNNAMEABLE, THE SHUNNED HOUSE, HE, THE HORROR AT RED HOOK, IN THE VAULT, THE CALL OF CTHULHU, PICKMAN'S MODEL, THE STRANGE HIGH HOUSE IN THE MIST, THE COLOUR OUT OF SPACE, THE CASE OF CHARLES DEXTER WARD, THE WHISPERER IN THE DARKNESS, THE SHADOW OF INNSMOUTH, AT THE MOUNTAINS OF MADNESS, THE DREAMS IN THE WITCH-HOUSE, THE THING ON THE DOORSTEP, THE SHADOW OUT OF TIME, THE HAUNTER IN THE DARK, and THE EVIL CLERGYMAN. . . to name a FEW. . .

We recommend the works of HOWARD PHILLIPS LOVECRAFT. . . the 18th century gentleman who is the finest horror writer of this 20th century!

photos: HEWETSON



. . . Poe and Lovecraft wandered this sequestered graveyard in the blackness of early morning hours, an atmospheric setting which undoubtedly suggested many macabre tales. . . perhaps Lovecraft's: THE TOMB. . .

# this is the SLITHER·SLIME PAGE

. . .where macabre abomination gather and muddle to denounce the mad-emotional HORROR-MOOD . . . this lunatic expression of many weird MOOD-TEAM members who creep about on all fours searching out GARGOYLE EGGS. . .

ANNOUNCING: THE GREAT HORROR-MOOD GARGOYLE EGG CONTEST:

. . . to enter . . . write in 25 words or more .why' you WANT a gargoyle egg . . . that's all you have to do . . . we have TEN of them sitting on the archaic editor's desk and will award these awkward artifacts to the best ten entries . . . we will send the winners their gargoyle eggs in a small cardboard box through the mails . . . and we will publish exerpts from the winning entries . . . along with the winner's names . . . if you wish an egg, better enter NOW . . . we know the response to this contest will be awfully overwhelming . . .

. . .speaking of things about to be hatched, here are some proposed doings of MOOD-TEAM members that'll shortly be scheduled for PSYCHO and NIGHTMARE publication. . .

. . . by EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY: 'HER MAJESTY. . . THE CORPSE', 'MAKE MEPHISTO'S CHILD BURN', 'OF FLUIDS POSSESSED', and 'THE BUTCHERED AT EARTH'S CORE'. . . four implosive usual tales of the weird from this demonic writer. . .

. . . by ARCHAIC AL HEWETSON: ' 'WELCOME TO MY ASYLUM' (an appropiate title we assure you), 'HICKORY DOCK, AN AWKWARD ANALOGY', 'THE WETNESS IN THE PIT', 'AND IT WHISPERED, AND IT WEPT, AND IT DID SHUDDER, AND IT DID DIE'. . . all tales to bend your PRIMAL SPINAL. . . but the LAST ONE there is gonna take your so-called bent primal and chop it into little tiny bits and EAT IT. . .

...by DYING DOUG MOENCH: 'THE DEATH OF THE 80TH VICTIM', 'NIGHT OF THE CORPSE BRIDE', and 'HIT AND RUN, MISS AND DIE'. . . Dying Doug is dying to dig into more for a new and exciting secret project we're workin' on, a project, we assure you, that's a lot more exciting than those AWFUL PUNS. . .

. . . by DROWNING DENNIS FUJITAKE: 'THE NIGHT OF THE MUTANT EATERS'. . . a tale about certain fetid fetuses who clamber out of their wormy womb just long enough to define the emotional HORROR-FOOD. . .

. . . by MACABRE MAELO CINTRON: 'ONLY THE STRONG SHALL SURVIVE', wherein this HUMAN GARGOYLE continued feature artist somewhat parodies LES MISERABLE, by Victor Hugo, in a tale that will become a CLASSIC. . .

. . . by PARANOIC PABLO MARCOS: 'THE BEAST IN HORROR-SWAMP. . . we promised you we'd return to DARKKOS MANSION and we DO in its ORIGIN TALE scheduled for PSYCHO #11. . .

. . . from you READER-WRITERS we continue to receive a number of weird and enjoyable stories. . . including a blood-sucking 'NIGHTMARE WORLD' TOO macabre to publish by James DelleCave of Naples, Florida; 'THERE'S A MONSTER IN ALL OF US MR. COLT', 'PINHEAD', 'HI-JACK', 'OUR EARTH IS DYING', 'THE MEEK SHALL INHERIT', and 'THE AMNESIAC', by Awkward (and prolific too) Augustine Funnell of Gananogue, Ontario; several sketches from Don Hales of Verdun, Quebec; 'SPACESHIP 8765' and 'TO THE CALL OF DEATH' by Craig Hill of Redwood City, California; 'EXPERIMENT' and 'OBSESSED' by George Kremin of Chicago, Illinois; and a plentiful pound of monstrous artwork from Daniel Kiryelazja and Scot Miresinger of Medfiend, Massachussetts, , . . . would you like to see a HEAP SWEATSHIRT?. . .

. . . would you like to see MONSTER STAMPS from the pages of SKYWALD?. . .

. . . we apologize to Wayne Foskey of Cordele, Georgia for returning a piece of artwork to him that wasn't his. . . NOW. . . will the guy who drew an 'undersea thingie' and who signs his name Foskey (but who isn't) please write us if he wants his 'undersea thingie' back. . .

. . . and thanks to that same

*Wayne Foskey fiend-friend for his excellent story: 'THREE OF A KIND'. . .*

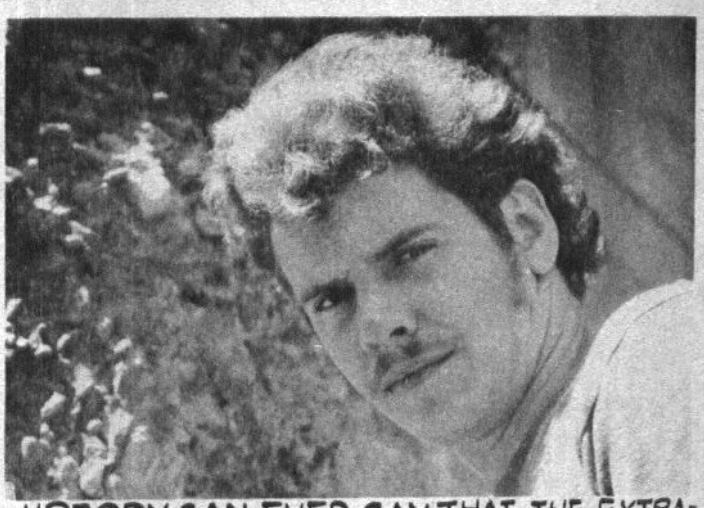
*. . . meanwhile, Tommy Walker writes from Toledo, Ohio that . . . "THE SLITHER SLIME MAN' in PSYCHO #9 crept into my ventricle and stayed there for TWO DAYS. . . "*

*. . . while Leonardo Puccino dropped us a line from Boston, Massachussetts suggesting:. . . "Emotionally-disturbed Ed Fedory's ' 'QUESTION OF IDENTITY' in PSYCHO #9 was a superior story, while the artwork by ZESAR made it alive and become real to me. . . "*

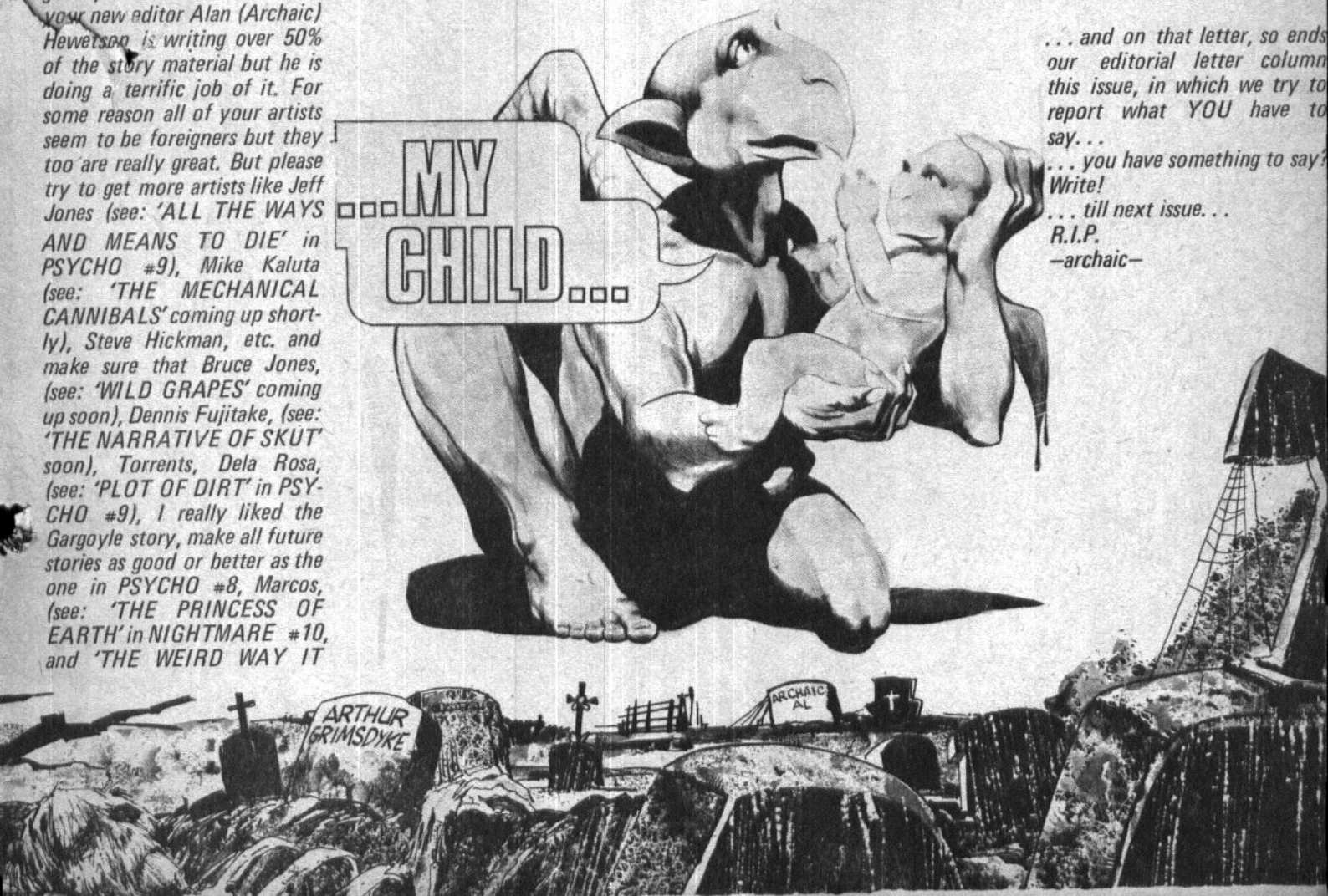
*. . . Edward Wallace writes to us from Hattiesburg, Mississippe. . . "I still can't get over the Ray Harryhausen feature in NIGHTMARE #7. . . it was beautiful. . . "*

*. . . Mike Phillips of Tornado, West Virginia writes:. . . "After having read PSYCHO #8, PSYCHO ANNUAL, NIGHTMARE #9 and the NIGHTMARE ANNUAL, I must say that you guys are doing a pretty good job. It seems to me that your new editor Alan (Archaic) Hewetson is writing over 50% of the story material but he is doing a terrific job of it. For some reason all of your artists seem to be foreigners but they too are really great. But please try to get more artists like Jeff Jones (see: 'ALL THE WAYS AND MEANS TO DIE' in PSYCHO #9), Mike Kaluta (see: 'THE MECHANICAL CANNIBALS' coming up shortly), Steve Hickman, etc. and make sure that Bruce Jones, (see: 'WILD GRAPES' coming up soon), Dennis Fujitake, (see: 'THE NARRATIVE OF SKUT' soon), Torrents, Dela Rosa, (see: 'PLOT OF DIRT' in PSYCHO #9), I really liked the Gargoyle story, make all future stories as good or better as the one in PSYCHO #8, Marcos, (see: 'THE PRINCESS OF EARTH' in NIGHTMARE #10, and 'THE WEIRD WAY IT WAS' coming up soon) Cintron, (see: 'PETER PIPER PICKED A PECK OF PICKLED CORPSES' in this issue) and have him do a full-length strip (macabre Maelo is taking over the HUMAN GARGOYLES feature you just mentioned Mike), Zesar, (see: 'WHERE ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH?' coming up shortly), and Sostres (see: 'THE GHOUL' soon to be published) do much more work for you in the future. . . (you think we're on the right wave-length Mike? All those bracketted editorial notes kinda indicate we ARE!!) I really liked the 2 movie reviews in NIGHTMARE, but please try to review the very newest movies you can find. I am a big HAMMER FILM fanatic so do as many reviews on their new films as possible, such as HANDS OF THE RIPPER, TWINS OF EVIL, DRACULA TODAY, and so on, and feature the many sexy actresses which always appear in HAMMER PRODUCTIONS. . . all-over you're wonderful. . .*

...THIS...
IS **EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED FEDORY**



...NOBODY CAN EVER SAY THAT THE EXTRA-ORDINARY **MOOD-TEAM** ISN'T ALWAYS **TRYING** HARD TO PLEASE...RECENTLY EMOTIONALLY-DISTURBED ED AND ARCHAIC AL SPENT ABOUT 4 HOURS COLLECTING **GARGOYLE EGGS** FOR: **THE GREAT HORROR-MOOD GARGOYLE EGG CONTEST**...A CONTEST **NOBODY** INTERESTED IN MACABRE MEMORABILIA CAN AFFORD TO **MISS**...




*. . . and on that letter, so ends our editorial letter column this issue, in which we try to report what YOU have to say. . .*

*. . . you have something to say? Write!*

*. . . till next issue. . .*

*R.I.P.*

*—archaic—*

DAWN HAS NOT YET COME UPON THIS *UNKNOWN PLACE*... YET A *MAN* WHO IS A *HEAP SHUDDERS* FROM THE *COLD NIGHT AIR*... AND EVEN SO, HE IS NOT LONG OUT OF THE *OCEAN* AND HE IS STILL *DAMP* WITH *THE ATLANTIC AND DEATH*...

PABLO MARCOS

WHERE *AM I*... WHAT IS THIS PLACE?

I *REMEMBER*... A *FIGHT*... A MONSTROUS *SQUID*... *NEARLY DROWNING*...

THEN BEING *WASHED ASHORE* ON *THIS* ISLAND...

I CAN'T HAVE SLEPT *LONG*... IT IS STILL *DARK*... I'M STILL *THE HEAP*...

...THAT ENORMOUS *SHADOW*... *MOVING*... *COVERING THE BEACH*... BUT... BUT *IT'S NOT SOLID*...

*WHAT KIND OF A SHADOW IS NOT SOLID*...

by HEWETSON AND MARCOS

# THE HEAP

*WRAUUKK!!*

*WHAT ON EARTH*...

*IT'S NOT REAL*... *IT CAN'T BE REAL*...

...LIKE SOMETHING OUT THE *DARK PAST*... BEFORE MAN WAS BORN... *A PREHISTORIC BIRD*...

...BUT... BUT IT CAN'T BE *ALIVE* IT CAN'T BE... IT'S ONLY *BONES*... *JUST BONES*...



*WWWRAAAUUKK!!*

*AAAEEEAAAAEEHHH*

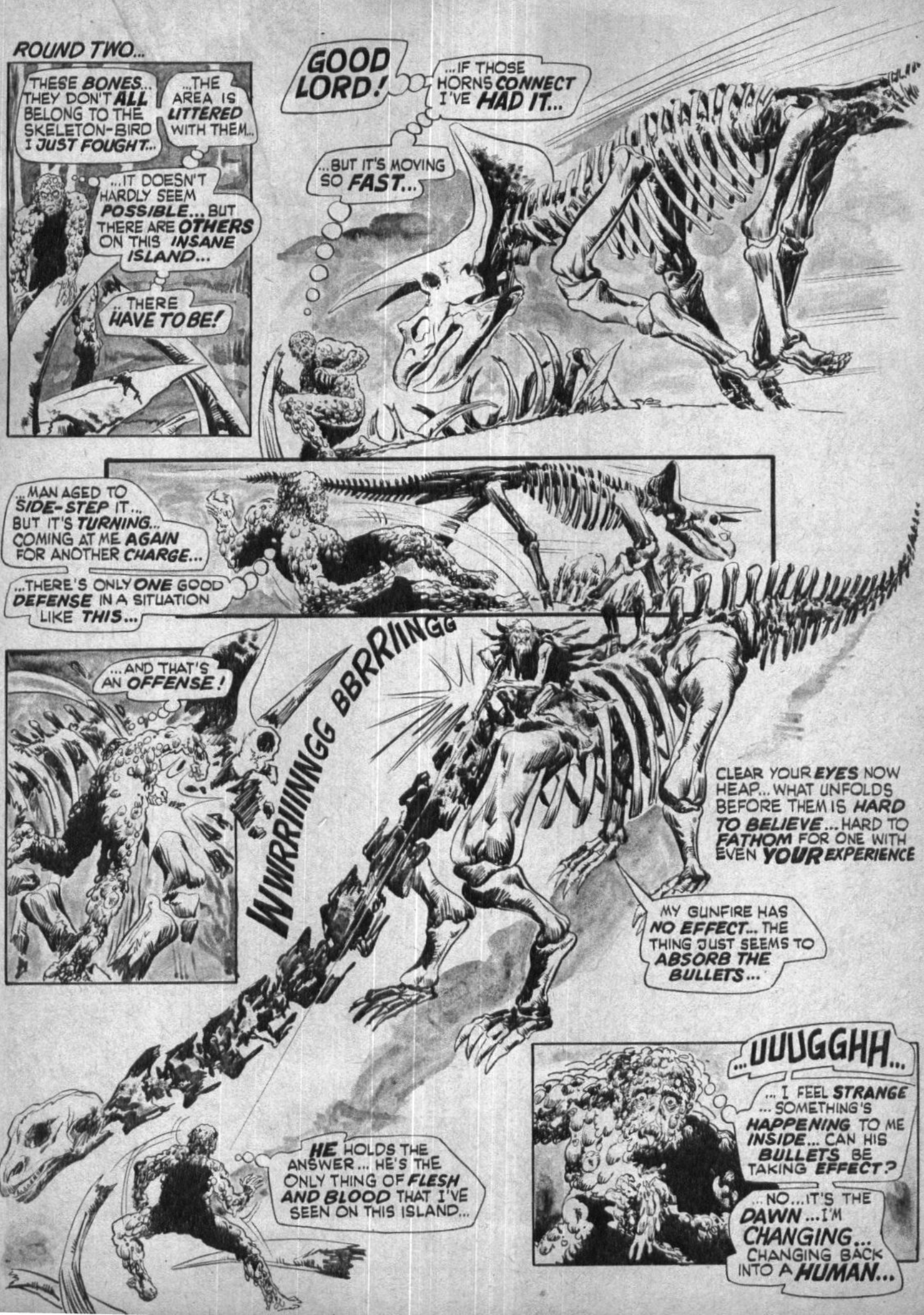
JUST *BONES* HEAP... EVEN AS *YOU* ARE JUST A *QUIVERING MASS* OF *JELLY-LIKE SEMI-HUMANITY*...

...YOU SPEAK OF *LIFE* AS IF IT HAS A *MEANING* FRIEND HEAP, DO YOU EVER THINK OF *DEATH* SO SERIOUSLY? PERHAPS YOU *SHOULD*... FOR AS YOU WILL *SOON LEARN*...

# EVEN A HEAP CAN DIE!

...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

AYE... YOU WILL SOON LEARN HEAP... THAT THE MATTER OF LIFE AND DEATH IS A GAMBLE YOU TAKE... FROM MOMENT TO MOMENT... DAY TO DAY... AND THAT TO TAKE FOR GRANTED ANYTHING -- LET ALONE YOUR VERY LIFE -- IS A MISTAKE YOU CAN ONLY MAKE ONCE!
IT'S... ALMOST LIKE A PTERODACTYL... AN ANCIENT REPTILE-BIRD THAT WAS NEARLY EXTINCT BEFORE MAN WALKED THIS EARTH...
...BUT IT CAN'T BE ALIVE...
...AND CERTAINLY NOT WITHOUT A BODY... WITHOUT SOME KIND OF SUBSTANCE... IT'S AGAINST EVERY LAW OF NATURE...
...HAVE TO FIGHT IT SOMEHOW ... EVEN THO IT'S SO BIG IT MUST BE FRAIL... PERHAPS THAT'S THE ANSWER...
...BUT I CAN'T WRESTLE FREE OF ITS CLAWS...
UUUUUUU
DRAGGING ME ACROSS THE TOPS OF THE TREES... I'M TOO HEAVY FOR THE THING TO GAIN ANY HEIGHT...
...IF I COULD ONLY GRAB ONE OF THE TREES I'D HAVE A CHANCE BECAUSE...
...WHAT ON EARTH CAN ABSORB THE SHOCK OF BEING SMASHED BY A TREE?...
...AND LIVE?
CONGRATULATIONS HEAP -- YOU WIN ROUND ONE... BUT DON'T SMILE TOO PROUDLY, NOW AS YOU FALL TO THE GROUND SURROUNDED BY THE SHREDDED BONES OF THE THING YOU'VE JUST DEMOLISHED ...NO, NOT YET...
...FOR ROUND TWO IS JUST COMING UP...


ROUND TWO...
THESE BONES... THEY DON'T ALL BELONG TO THE SKELETON-BIRD I JUST FOUGHT...
...THE AREA IS LITTERED WITH THEM...
...IT DOESN'T HARDLY SEEM POSSIBLE... BUT THERE ARE OTHERS ON THIS INSANE ISLAND...
...THERE HAVE TO BE!
GOOD LORD!
...IF THOSE HORNS CONNECT I'VE HAD IT...
...BUT IT'S MOVING SO FAST...
...MAN AGED TO SIDE-STEP IT... BUT IT'S TURNING... COMING AT ME AGAIN FOR ANOTHER CHARGE...
...THERE'S ONLY ONE GOOD DEFENSE IN A SITUATION LIKE THIS...
...AND THAT'S AN OFFENSE!
WWRRIIINGG BBRRIINGG
CLEAR YOUR EYES NOW HEAP... WHAT UNFOLDS BEFORE THEM IS HARD TO BELIEVE... HARD TO FATHOM FOR ONE WITH EVEN YOUR EXPERIENCE
MY GUNFIRE HAS NO EFFECT... THE THING JUST SEEMS TO ABSORB THE BULLETS...
HE HOLDS THE ANSWER... HE'S THE ONLY THING OF FLESH AND BLOOD THAT I'VE SEEN ON THIS ISLAND...
...UUUGGHH...
... I FEEL STRANGE ... SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO ME INSIDE... CAN HIS BULLETS BE TAKING EFFECT?
... NO... IT'S THE DAWN ... I'M CHANGING... CHANGING BACK INTO A HUMAN...

THE BEAST CHANGES BEFORE MY EYES... CAN IT BE?...
...THAT IT CHANGES INTO A MAN?
DON'T SHOOT!
THEN COME NO CLOSER... NOT WITHOUT AN EXPLANATION OF WHO... OR WHAT... YOU CAN BE!
I AM WHAT YOU SEE...
...A MAN...
...MAYBE NOW I CAN SPEAK TO HIM...FIND OUT SOME ANSWERS...
...IF HE DOESN'T SHOOT ME FIRST...
...CHANGED BY A FREAK CHEMICAL ACCIDENT INTO THE THING YOU JUST SAW...
BUT YOU CHANGED...
I AM THIS HEAP BY NIGHT... BUT WHEN COMES THE LIGHT AND DAY I CHANGE AGAIN INTO A MAN... BUT YOU MUST TELL ME... WHAT IS THIS... THIS PLACE... WHAT ARE THE SKELETON MONSTERS... TELL ME!
I AM... JOHANN VAN WARNER... THESE MASTERPIECES YOU CALL MONSTERS ARE MY CREATIONS...
...YEARS AGO-- I WAS A SPECIAL-EFFECTS CREATOR IN YOUR AMERICAN HOLLYWOOD --I MADE 18 MOVIES... THE FINEST--THE GREATEST HORROR-ADVENTURE FILMS EVER MADE...
I WAS THE ONLY ONE... THE ONLY TRUE GENIUS ...I USED LIFE-SIZED MODELS...
I WAS THE ONLY ONE WHO KNEW THE SECRET OF TRUE ANIMATION!
BUT THEY THREW ME OUT... BECAUSE I WAS TOO EXPENSIVE FOR THEIR RIDICULOUS BUDGETS! OF COURSE I WAS EXPENSIVE...I WAS THE BEST...
BUT THE ISLAND?
I KNOW AS MUCH ABOUT WHERE IT IS AS YOU DO... I WAS TRAVELLING BACK TO MY NATIVE EUROPE WITH MY CREATIONS WHEN THE SHIP COULD NOT ENDURE THE VILE STORM THAT HIT US...
...THE ATLANTIC IS A CRUEL SEA...
THE REST I CAN GUESS EASILY ENOUGH... BUT WHY ATTACK ME... WHY THE PTERODACTYL... THESE PREHISTORIC MONSTERS?...
YOU ARE A BEAST... AN ANIMAL... I HAD TO ATTACK YOU...
...EVEN AS I MUST RENDER YOU HELPLESS NOW...
...UGGGGHHH...
ATTACKING ME FROM BEHIND... BONES DIGGING INTO MY THROAT...
PERHAPS NOW YOU WON'T LOOK UPON ME WITH SUCH INSOLENCE... LIKE ALL THE OTHERS YOU THOUGHT ME OLD AND FRAIL...
...BUT IT IS THE BRAIN THAT IS IMPORTANT. THE BRAIN...!

SUCH TALK OF THE IMPORTANCE OF USING ONE'S **BRAINS** IS NOT EXACTLY **ALIEN** TO YOU JIM ROBERTS! YOU HAVE **OFTEN** THOUGHT OF SUCH THINGS, AS THE BEING YOU SELF-CALL **THE HEAP**... IT IS A **PITY** YOU DO NOT RECOGNIZE THEIR **IMPORTANCE** NOW THAT YOU ARE **A MAN**...

BUT **ENOUGH** OF OUR **PHILOSOPHIZING**...**YOU** CARE **NOT** AS YOU ARE **BOUND** AND **CARRIED** UNCONSCIOUS TO A **CAVE**...A PLACE OF **ASTONISHING HORROR** AS YOU WILL LEARN WHEN YOU **AWAKE**...

OH...THE PAIN IS **BARELY ENDURABLE**... GOT ME **TIED** SO **TIGHT** THE ROPES ARE **BURNING MY WRISTS**...

...WHAT PLACE IS **THIS** WHERE **SKELETONS** WALK ABOUT AS **MEN**?... WHERE THINGS- **GROTESQUE** ARE THE ONLY COMPANY OF A **SENILE OLD MAN**...

**AHA**-- I SEE YOU ARE **AWAKE**--YOU HAVE SLEPT **MANY** HOURS, **PEACEFULLY** I HOPE?

PERHAPS THEY **WOULD** HAVE BEEN PEACEFUL, **WELCOME** HOURS, IF I WERE NOT **BOUND** AND **TIED LIKE ANIMAL**...

**PERHAPS**... IT IS A **PRECAUTION** I FEEL IS **NECESSARY** TO TAKE... INDEED I WISH IT COULD BE **OTHERWISE**... FOR YOU WOULD BE FINE **HUMAN** COMPANY TO ME ON THIS DESOLATE LONELY **ISLE**...

BUT WHY DO YOU FEEL I'M A **THREAT**... I SHOW **NO ANIMOSITY** TOWARDS **YOU**...

**SO YOU SAY!** YOU ARE **BOUND AND HELPLESS**... BUT **WHAT** WILL BE THE STORY IF I SHOULD **SET YOU FREE**...

...A SUDDEN **CHANGE OF HEART**? A SUDDEN **FIT OF ANGER**?... AND **THEN**...

THEN **WHAT**?

**THEN** YOU **TURN ON ME**... AND **MY PETS**... **MY COMPANIONS**...

HE'S ALMOST **OUT OF HIS MIND**... FEELS **PERSECUTED**... HE THINKS THE **WHOLE WORLD** IS OUT TO **GET HIM**...

YOU'RE **WRONG**... I MEAN YOU **NO HARM**... THIS PLACE--**AWAY** FROM THE WORLD-- IS **IDEAL** FOR ME-- I WON'T BE **CHASED** AND **HUNTED** WHEN I AM **THE HEAP**...I CAN KNOW **PEACE**...

**I WISH** I COULD **BELIEVE YOU**

...BUT I **CAN'T**... I WANTED YOU TO KNOW **WHY** YOU HAVE TO **DIE**

...**BEFORE** I PULL THE **TRIGGER** OF THIS **SHOTGUN**...

**DIE**?

I AM **NOT EVIL** -- **YOU MUST BELIEVE ME**--I AM ONLY **DEFENDING MY PROPERTY**... **MY RIGHTS**...

NO... YOU CAN'T... IT WOULD BE MURDER...
I AM NO MURDEROR... I ONLY PROTECT WHAT IS MINE... YOU MUST NOT FEAR MY FRIEND... THE PAIN WILL LAST ONLY A SECOND...
NO DAMN YOU... YOU CAN'T KILL ME...
ROUND THREE HEAP...
CCRAAACCKKK
EEEAAAHHH
I HAVE NO CHOICE!
OH DEAR GOD... THE PAIN... GUTS SPILLING OUT... ALMOST BLACKING OUT... I... I... BUT THERE IS ANOTHER SENSATION... NOT JUST THE BULLET IS RIPPING ME APART!
I'M CHANGING... OH ALMIGHTY GOD... I'M CHANGING INTO THE HEAP IT MUST BE NIGHTFALL...
BUT THE BULLET... UGHHH... UGHHH... LORD--THE BULLET IS INSIDE ME... INSIDE THE BODY OF THE HEAP!
HE DOESN'T DIE... HE BECOMES THE ANIMAL AGAIN...
MY SHOTS SERVE NO PURPOSE... THE THING STILL LIVES...
BAKK
BAKK
OH... MY... GOD THE PAIN!
THE SKIN OF THE HEAP CAN EASILY WITHSTAND ANYTHING... BUT THE BULLET ENTERED MY SYSTEM WHILE I WAS A MAN!
...THE PAIN... GOD... GOD... THE PAIN... ...CAN'T ENDURE...
MURDEROR... IF I HAVE TO DIE... I'LL TAKE YOU WITH ME!
=UUUUGGGHHHH=
IT FALLS ON ME... THE WEIGHT... SO HEAVY... CRUSHING ME!

HE'S UNCONSCIOUS...
..THE WEIGHT IS AWFUL... IF I CAN ONLY CRAWL OUT FROM UNDER HIM...
HE'S STILL ALIVE...
...STILL ALIVE...
...BUT HE'S HELPLESS-- MORTALLY WOUNDED-- HE'LL DIE WITHIN A FEW HOURS...
BLOOD..
...WHEN HE FELL ON ME HE MUST'VE... MUST'VE BROKEN MY ARM...I CAN'T MOVE IT... IT'S BROKEN!
...WITHOUT MEDICAL HELP... THAT HAS TO BE FATAL... IT HAS TO BE...
I NEED HELP! GOT TO GET OFF THE ISLAND... GET TO A DOCTOR... BUT HOW?
...PAIN IN MY ARM... WHAT?...
THE CREATURE... THAT IS SOMETIMES A MAN... I MUST SAVE HIM-- HE CAN GET ME OFF THIS PLACE TO THE MAINLAND-- TO A DOCTOR-- HE HAS THE STRENGTH OF YOUTH... TO BUILD A BOAT FROM THE MATERIALS I SALVAGED FROM THE SHIPWRECK...
BUT HOW CAN I SAVE HIM...
I HAVE TO GET THE BULLET OUT SOMEHOW... BRING HIM BACK TO LIFE...
...ARM STILL BLEEDING... MUST BIND IT UP SOMEHOW... IF I LOSE ANY MORE BLOOD I WON'T EVEN LAST 'TILL MORNING MYSELF...
HE'S SMASHED ALL MY COMPANIONS... MY CREATIONS... DON'T HAVE STRENGTH TO LIFT HIM MYSELF... HAVE TO OPERATE ON THE FLOOR...
CAN'T CUT THROUGH HIS FLESH... TOO TOUGH... HOW CAN I CUT OUT THE BULLET WHEN I CAN'T EVEN CUT INTO HIS CHEST WITH AN INSTRUMENT AS SHARP AS A RAZOR --
IF YOU HAVE ANY FONDNESS FOR THE HEAP, DEAR READER, BETTER PRAY FOR HIM... BECAUSE THIS DEPRAVED OLD IDIOT... THIS SENILE FOOL WHO NOW ATTEMPTS TO SAVE HIS LIFE HAS ALL THE ODDS AGAINST HIM... EVERY ODD IN THE BOOK-- AND RIGHT ABOUT NOW HEAP NEEDS OUR PRAYERS!

HAVE YOU EVEN DREAMED OF SUCH LUNACY?
HAVE TO SAW HIM OPEN... COULD DRILL A HOLE WITH MY HAND-DRILL BUT I'D NEED TWO HANDS... HAVE TO SAW THRU...
...IT WORKS... BUT HE'S BLEEDING PROFUSELY... THE STENCH FROM THE INSIDE OF THIS INHUMAN ANIMAL IS HORRENDOUS...
I SEE IT... NOW IF I CAN ONLY PICK...
...PROBE... PULL IT... A LITTLE MORE...
GOT IT!
NOW MUST WAIT THE DAWN... PRAY THAT IN THE MORNING HE'LL... OH MY... MY ARM ...TEARING AT ME...LOST TOO MUST BLOOD... I...I...

MANY HOURS LATER AS THE DAWN RISES FROM THE OCEAN A STRANGE CHANGE TAKES PLACE... AND THEN AN AWAKENING...
I'M STILL ALIVE ...CHANGING BACK TO JIM ROBERTS...
I'M BANDAGED... ...ON THE FLOOR THE OLD MAN-- CLUTCHING A BULLET-- THAT CAN ONLY HAVE COME FROM MY GUT...
...HE SAVED ME... BUT HE'S DEAD! BLOOD IN A POOL AROUND HIS ARM --I MUST'VE INJURED HIM WHEN I FELL...
BUT HE SAVED ME-- MUST'VE HAD A CHANGE OF HEART-- SEEN THE ERROR OF HIS ACTIONS... THE INJUSTICE!
PERHAPS HE WAS LONELY...REALIZED I SPOKE THE TRUTH... BUT HE DIED TOO SOON... TOO SOON!
HE MIGHT HAVE BECOME A FRIEND... MY ONLY FRIEND IN THIS WORLD --WE COULD HAVE LIVED ON THIS ISLAND TOGETHER... KNOWN A LITTLE PEACE...

YOU WIN ROUND THREE HEAP, AFTER A FASHION, FOR YOU ARE RIGHT IN SAYING YOU'RE ALONE AND IN THE MIDDLE OF A LOT OF NOTHING-- BUT LEST YOU THINK THIS BE YOUR CIRCUMSTANCE FOR LONG... YOU'RE WRONG... FOR THE BELL WILL SOON RING TO START THE ROUND AGAIN... IN:

## THE SHIP OF FIENDS! AND THE WEREWOLF WITHIN!

NEXT ISSUE...

WITHIN THE **STERILE** CONFINES OF A DOCTOR'S OFFICE -- SEALED BEHIND LOCKED DOORS -- SPEAKING IN A HUSHED VOICE, LONG DEVOID OF ANY **CHARM** OR **BEAUTY**, SITS **GLORIA MELBORNE**... **QUEEN OF THE SILENT SCREEN!**

HER ONCE **YOUTHFUL** FACE, AND **FIRM** BODY HAVE **FALLEN** BEFORE THE **ONSLAUGHT** OF **RAVENOUS TIME!! BUT**, EVER-PRESENT **HOPE**, STILL REMAINS!

THE PEN, HELD IN THE **FEEBLE GRASP** OF **LOOSE MUSCLES**, IS HER KEY TO A **NEW LIFE**. SHE HAS BUT TO SIGN ON THE DOTTED LINE FOR.....

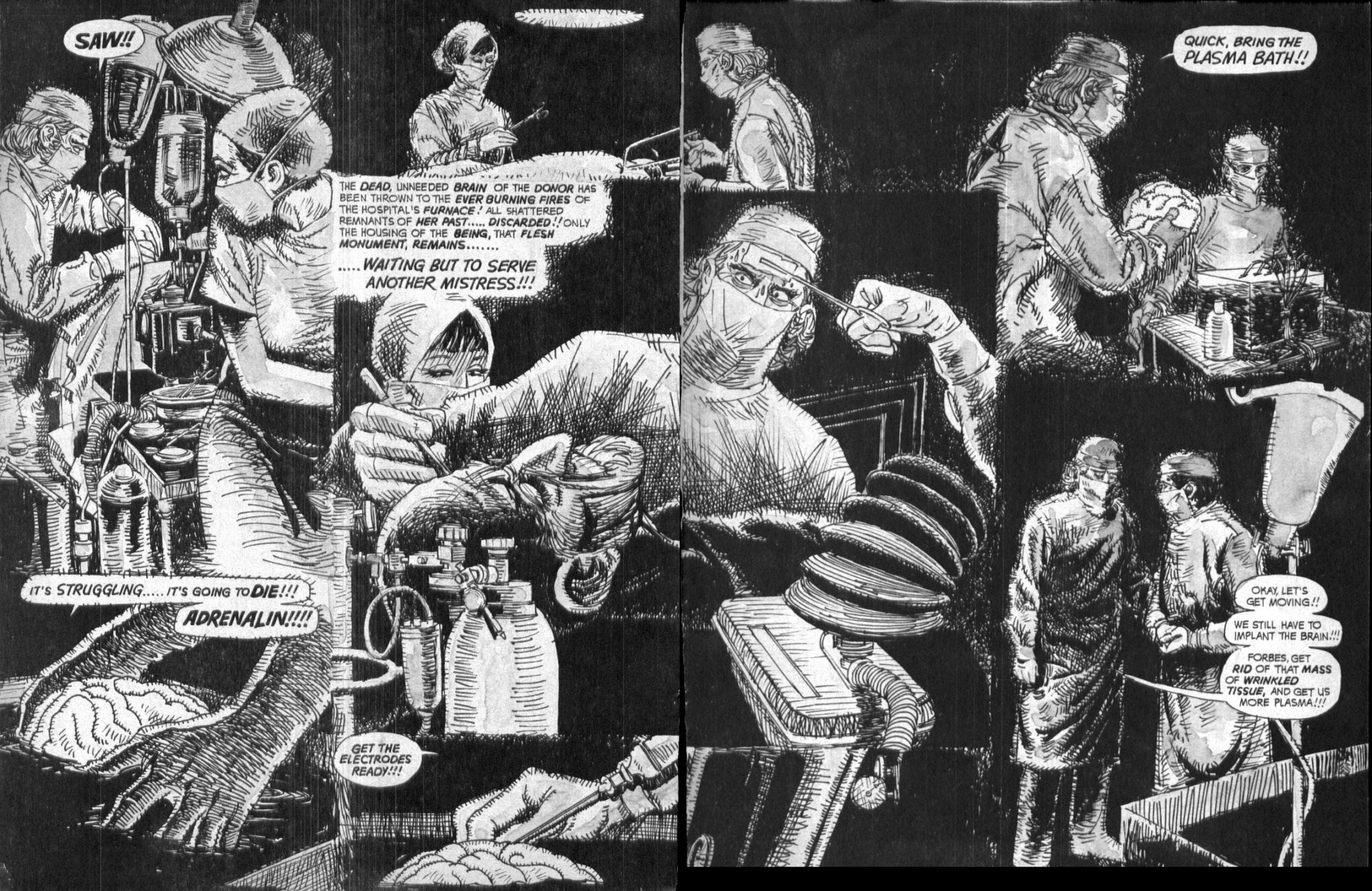
# .....THE TRANSPLANT!!!!

FEDORY AND RUBIO

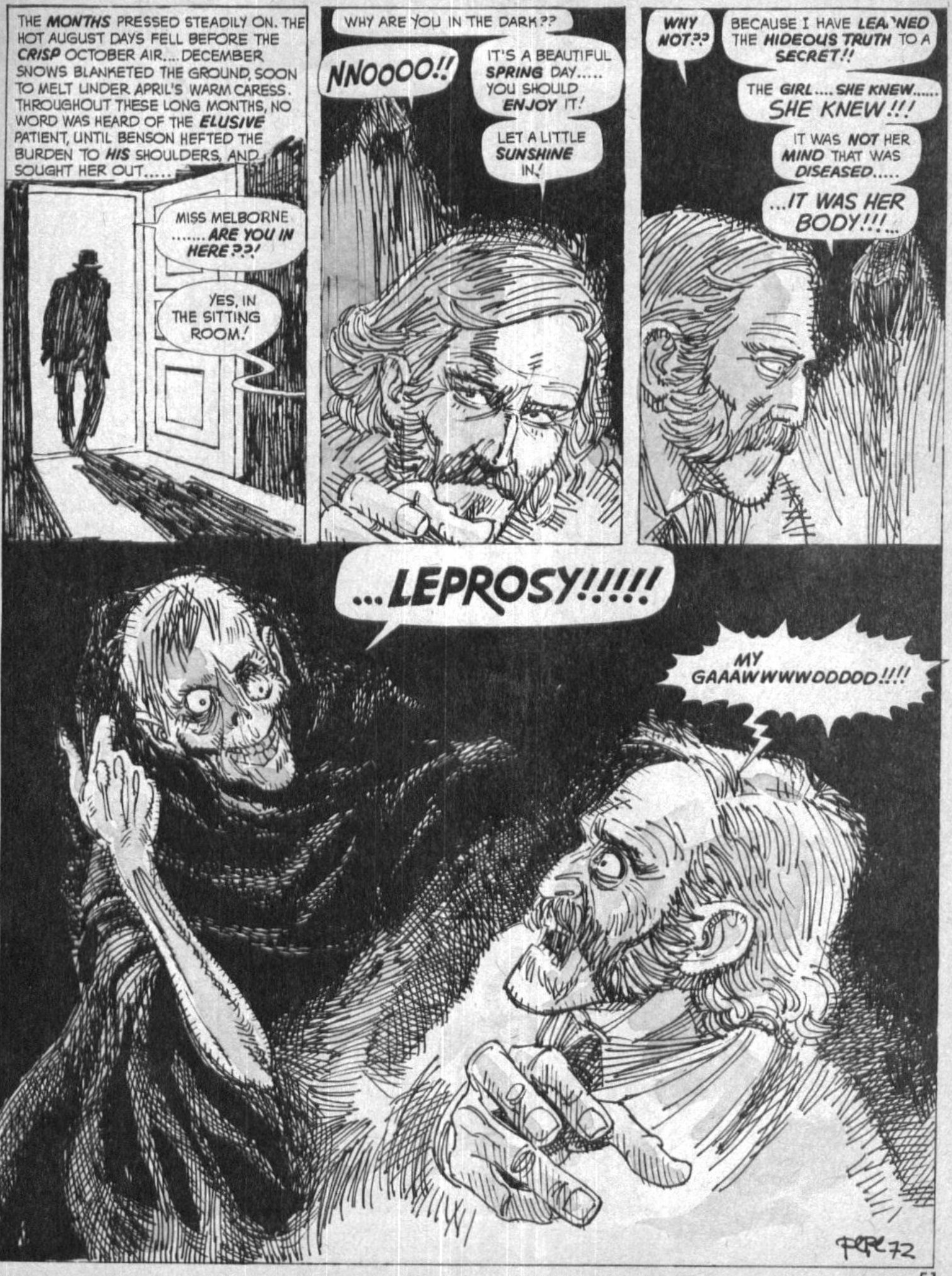
I CRAVE THIS **OPERATION** MORE THAN **ANYTHING!!**
BRAQUICEFALO
MESOCEFALO
DOLICEFALO
**AHHH**, TO BE **YOUNG** AGAIN..... **DESIRED!!**
AND SO YOU **SHALL!**
BUT, I HASTEN TO REMIND YOU MISS MELBORNE, THIS OPERATION IS **SERIOUS** IN NATURE, AND **NOT** TO BE TAKEN **LIGHTLY!!**
YOU MUST UNDERGO EXTENSIVE TESTING, AND THEN WE MUST **CONDITION** YOU FOR YOUR **NEW LIFE!**

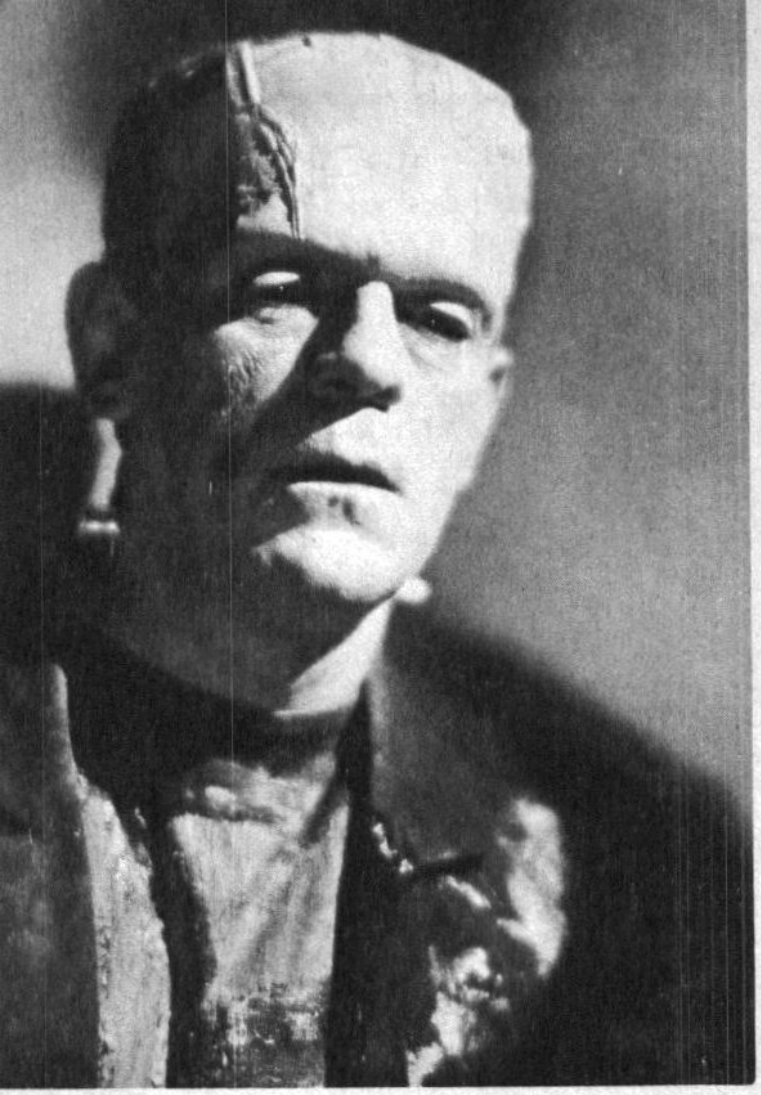
TIME, IS A COMMODITY I CANNOT WASTE!!
I NEED THIS OPERATION.....
...I WANT IT NOW!!!
I'M PAYING YOU A FORTUNE, SO GET A LITTLE SPRING IN.....
YOUR IMPATIENCE IS ONLY SURPASSED BY YOUR VULGAR INGRATITUDE!!
ONLY I CAN PERFORM THIS OPERATION TO SATISFACTION....
... SEEK ANOTHER SURGEON, AND YOU SHALL WIND UP JUST SO MUCH COLD MEAT ON A GRANITE SLAB!!!
IF YOU WISH TO RE-CAPTURE LOST YOUTH, YOU MUST OBEY!
IN THE MONTHS TO COME YOU WILL HAVE THE TESTS...
...WHILE KEEPING THAT VILE TONGUE ENCASED WITHIN THAT AGED MOUTH!!
BESIDES, WE MUST WAIT 'TIL THE MOST IMPORTANT ELEMENT OF THE OPERATION IS FOUND!
WHAT IS THAT??
THE DONOR!!!

WHILE THE ARCHAIC "FEMME FATALE" WAS CONDITIONED AND TESTED, THE GRIM NEMISIS OF TIME PRESSED STEADILY ONWARD.... GRINDING TISSUE AND BONE TO ELDRITCH DECAY, UNTIL.....
LOOKS LIKE BENSON IS GOING TO BE HAPPY TONIGHT!
YEAH, THE MEAT-WAGON FINALLY BROUGHT HIS "PACKAGE"!
BRING THE "TISSUE" TO THE OPERATING ROOM!!..
...HURRY!!!
SCANT SECONDS LATER.....
QUICKLY, PUT IT ON THE OPERATING TABLE!!
THERE'S NOT A SECOND TO LOSE!!!
AS THE PLASTIC SHEET IS REMOVED, ITS HIDDEN CHARGE IS REVEALED.....
WE CAN BE SURE, MISS MELBORNE WILL BE HAPPY WITH BOTH OF US!!
IT SEEMS A CRIME, THAT THIS BEAUTIFUL BODY SHOULD HOUSE THAT PARASITIC BRAIN!!
NURSE-READY THE BODY!!
THE BODY IS READY, DOCTOR.
I HAVE SPENT HALF MY LIFE DEVELOPING THIS OPERATION FOR SCIENCE!
NOW IT HAS BEEN CHEAPENED TO A MIRACLE CURE FOR VAIN, OLD HAGS!!!
IS THERE NO JUSTICE!??


SAW!!
THE DEAD, UNNEEDED BRAIN OF THE DONOR HAS BEEN THROWN TO THE EVER BURNING FIRES OF THE HOSPITAL'S FURNACE! ALL SHATTERED REMNANTS OF HER PAST..... DISCARDED!! ONLY THE HOUSING OF THE BEING, THAT FLESH MONUMENT, REMAINS.....
.....WAITING BUT TO SERVE ANOTHER MISTRESS!!!
IT'S STRUGGLING..... IT'S GOING TO DIE!!!
ADRENALIN!!!!
GET THE ELECTRODES READY!!!
QUICK, BRING THE PLASMA BATH!!
OKAY, LET'S GET MOVING!!
WE STILL HAVE TO IMPLANT THE BRAIN!!!
FORBES, GET RID OF THAT MASS OF WRINKLED TISSUE, AND GET US MORE PLASMA!!!

SEVERAL WEEKS FOLLOWING THE TRANSPLANT, THE RESULTS ARE ABOUT TO BE VIEWED. MEMORIES ARE PUT ASIDE, AS GLORIA MELBORNE LAYS THE DESIGNS FOR THE FUTURE.....
HURRY, DOCTOR!!
I CAN'T WAIT TO SEE THE "NEW" ME!!!
YOUR VOICE IS BEAUTIFUL!
NO DOUBT, YOU WILL BE EQUALLY HAPPY WITH YOUR NEW FACE!!
SHE WAS A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG WOMAN!
SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL... I AM BEAUTIFUL!!!
THE WIG! BRING ME THE WIG!!
ONE THING PUZZLES ME!
WHY SHOULD A GIRL, AS LOVELY AS THIS....
...COMMIT SUICIDE??!
INDEED, IT IS A MYSTERY! BUT, IT IS ONE THAT SHOULD NOT BOTHER YOU.
PERHAPS HER MIND WAS DISEASED!
LET'S FORGET THE MYSTERIES FOR AWHILE, AND DISCUSS SOME FACTS!
POST-OPERATIVE PROCEDURE REQUIRES YOU TO REPORT FOR A CHECK-UP AT LEAST ONCE A MONTH.
THIS IS OUR LAST MEETING TILL YOU ARE RELEASED TOMORROW, SO REMEMBER, AT LEAST ONCE A MONTH!!
DON'T WORRY YOURSELF, DOC! I'LL BE THERE!!


THE MONTHS PRESSED STEADILY ON. THE HOT AUGUST DAYS FELL BEFORE THE CRISP OCTOBER AIR.... DECEMBER SNOWS BLANKETED THE GROUND, SOON TO MELT UNDER APRIL'S WARM CARESS. THROUGHOUT THESE LONG MONTHS, NO WORD WAS HEARD OF THE ELUSIVE PATIENT, UNTIL BENSON HEFTED THE BURDEN TO HIS SHOULDERS, AND SOUGHT HER OUT.....
MISS MELBORNE ..... ARE YOU IN HERE??!
YES, IN THE SITTING ROOM!
WHY ARE YOU IN THE DARK??
NNOOOO!!
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL SPRING DAY..... YOU SHOULD ENJOY IT!
LET A LITTLE SUNSHINE IN!
WHY NOT??
BECAUSE I HAVE LEARNED THE HIDEOUS TRUTH TO A SECRET!!
THE GIRL.... SHE KNEW..... SHE KNEW!!!
IT WAS NOT HER MIND THAT WAS DISEASED.....
...IT WAS HER BODY!!!...
...LEPROSY!!!!!
MY GAAAWWWWODDDD!!!!
PGR 72



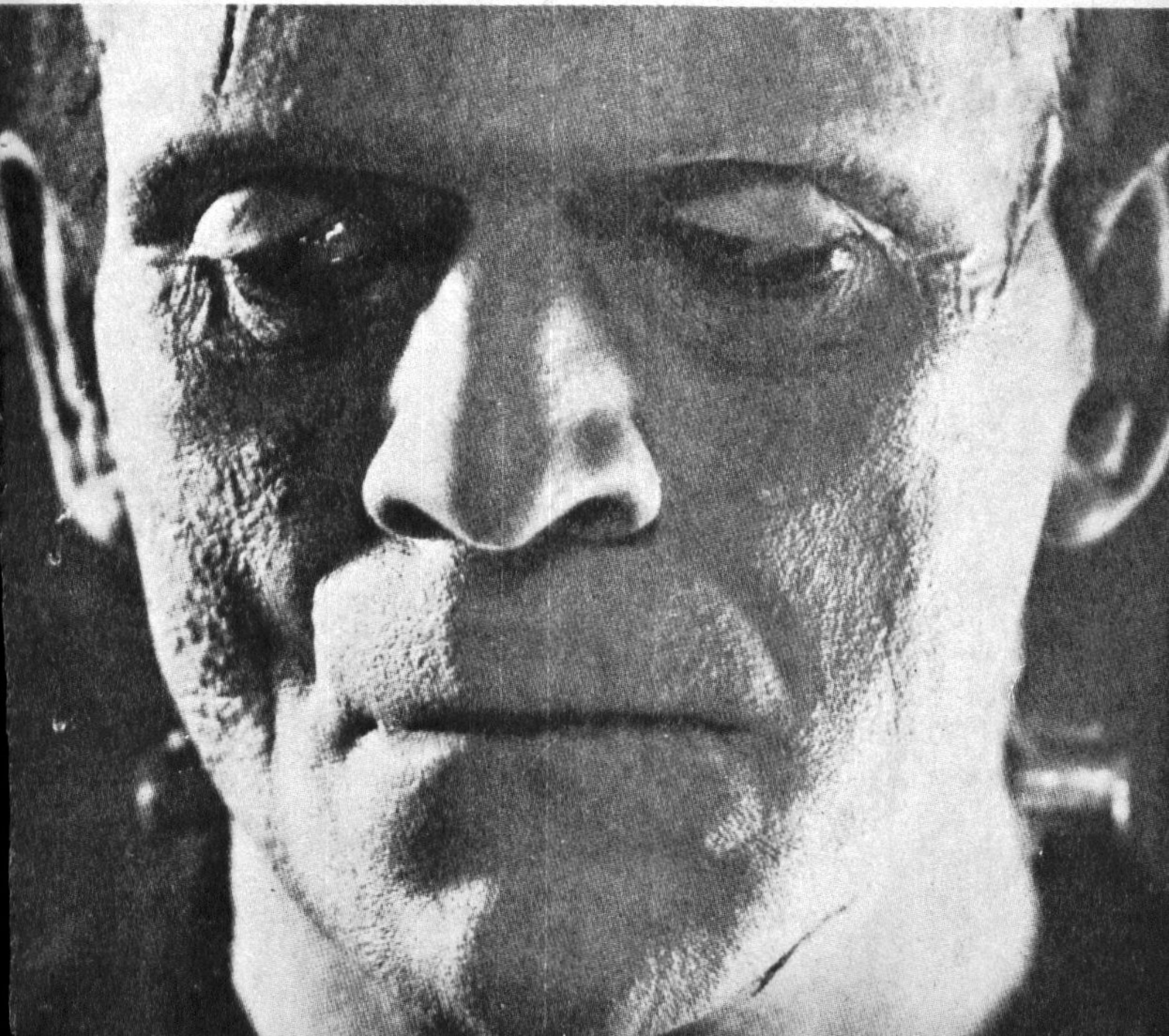
In 1931 Boris Karloff brought FRANKENSTEIN to the SCREAM SCREEN for the first time. Karloff portrayed the pitiful creation of Mary Shelley, a weird writer of the 19th century who wrote her masterpiece within a few months in a contest with her poet husband in 1816, Percy Bythe Shelley. The creature of Dr. Frankenstein's experiments was never really named in the original novel. . .although the monster was characterized as the possessor of real and awful human emotions and torments. In the following selection by Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, the Doctor (Victor Frankenstein), is about to begin his experiments. . .and describes the creature-to-be thus:

". . .when I found so astonishing a power placed within my hands I hesitated a long time concerning the manner in which I should employ it. Although I possessed the capacity of bestowing animation, yet to prepare a frame for the reception of it, with all its intricacies of fibers, muscles, and veins, still remained a work of inconceivable difficulty and labor. I doubted at first whether I should attempt the creation of a being like myself, or one of simpler organization, but my imagination was too much exalted by my first success to permit me to doubt of my ability to give life to an animal as complex and wonderful as man. The materials at present within my command hardly appeared adequate to so arduous an undertaking, but I doubted not that I should ultimately succeed. I prepared myself for a multitude of reverses. My operation might be incessantly baffled, and at last my work be imperfect. Yet when I considered the improvement which every day takes place in science and mechanics, I was encouraged to hope my present attempts would at least lay the foundations of future success. Nor could I consider the magnitude and complexity of my plan as any argument of its impracticability. It was with these feelings that I began the creation of a human being. As the minuteness of the parts formed a great hindrance to my speed, I resolved, contraryto my first attention, to make the being of gigantic stature. That is to say, ABOUT EIGHT FEET IN HEIGHT, and proportionately large. After having formed this determination, and having spent some months in successfully collecting and arranging my materials, I BEGAN. . ."

# SCREAM SCREEN:

## ...A LEERING LOOK AT THE FRANKENSTEIN MONSTER...

## KARLOFF



I LOVE YOU...
OH GOD, HOW I LOVE YOU...
I LOVE YOU...
OH GOD, HOW I LOVE YOU...
YOU DISGUST ME-- YOU FIEND...
YOU MUST BE MINE--DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? MY LIFE IS MEANINGLESS WITHOUT YOU...
YOU MUST BE MINE--DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND? MY LIFE IS MEANINGLESS WITHOUT YOU...
HOW CAN I LOVE YOU--YOU MURDERED MY HUSBAND... ABDUCTED MY CHILDREN IN ORDER TO LURE ME HERE...
BUT I NEEDED YOU--I NEED YOUR TOUCH... YOUR LOVE...
BUT I NEEDED YOU--I NEED YOUR TOUCH... YOUR LOVE...
I CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING MORE REPULSIVE!
BUT I NEED YOU...I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!
BUT I NEED YOU...I CAN'T LIVE WITHOUT YOU!
THEN THE SOLUTION APPEARS TO LIE...
... IN YOUR DEATH!
UGHH...GOD...THE PAIN...YOU ARE LIKE ALL THE OTHERS... MURDERESS...
UGHH...GOD... THE PAIN...YOU ARE LIKE ALL THE OTHERS... MURDERESS...
HEWETSON AND XIRINIUS
THIS BIZARRE PLACE YOU NOW VISIT IS THE UNREAL WORLD OF THE REAL ... THE SILVER CINEMA ... WHERE MANY DREAMS WERE ONCE BORN THAT HAVE SINCE VANISHED AND DIED... BUT NOT ALL... SOME DREAMS LIVE NEARLY FOREVER...
...AND SO STARTS OUR TALE...

# TIGHTROPE TO NOWHERE

FWIK FWIK FWIK FWIK FWIK FWIK
IT...IS OVER...
...AND AGAIN... I AM ALONE...

FWIK FWIK FWIK
FWIK FWIK FWIK
ALONE WITH ONLY MEMORIES... OF MY OWN WOMAN... MY OWN CHILDREN... ...SUCH A LONG TIME AGO... NOW THEY'RE ALL DEAD... AND I'M ALONE...

THWOTT TOK
IF IT WERE NOT FOR ALL THESE LITTLE BITS OF OLD FILMS THAT I'VE CLIPPED THRU THE YEARS... SPLICED TOGETHER INTO A COUPLE OF HOURS OF FILM... I'D HAVE NOTHING...
...CHANEY... LORRE... PRICE... BOGART... ALL MY FRIENDS... I KNOW EVERY WORD BY HEART...

...BETTE DAVIS... LANA TURNER... MAE WEST... NATALIE WOOD... ALL MY WOMEN...
... ALL MINE TO LOVE...

AND NOW THEY WANT TO TAKE THEM AWAY FROM ME...
...TEAR DOWN MY THEATER...
...MAKE IT INTO A PARKING LOT...
...AND PUT ME IN A GRAVE...

I WON'T LET THEM!
PERHAPS THE THEATER ISN'T MINE... MAYBE I DON'T OWN IT... BUT I HAVE RIGHTS!
FORTY YEARS I WORKED HERE... SWEATING EVERY NIGHT IN THIS STINKING, HUMID PROJECTION ROOM...
IT BELONGS TO ME AS MUCH AS IT BELONGS TO ANYBODY... AND I WILL PROTECT MY PROPERTY!

NO...I WON'T LET THEM TAKE MY THEATER AWAY FROM ME...I HAVE NOWHERE ELSE TO GO...
...NO OTHER FRIENDS TO HELP ME...
C. GABLE
H. BOGART
THE HUNCHBACK... NOW THERE WAS A MAN WHO KNEW HOW TO PROTECT HIS... POSSESSIONS...
...QUASIMODO...THE SUB-HUMAN HUNCHBACK...
...WHEN THE SOLDIERS CAME TO TAKE HIS BELOVED ESMERALDA HE FOUGHT THEM FROM THE RAMPARTS OF THE CATHEDRAL... DROPPING BOILING ACID ON THEIR HEADS...
...BUT I HAVE NO ACID...
...THAT NOISE...A VOICE FROM THE LOBBY...
COME ON OUT HERE OLD LAWRENCE... ...LET'S HAVE A TALK...
YOU...
YOU DARE COME HERE...YOU-- WHO THREATEN TO TAKE MY VERY HOME FROM ME?
ALRIGHT... JUST RELAX OLD MAN...
RELAX?
...HOW DO I RELAX WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO THROW ME OUT INTO THE STREET?
R.VALENTI
RIO THEATER
THAT'S ENOUGH!
MY FATHER MAY HAVE LIKED YOU ENOUGH TO KEEP YOU ON THRU A HUNDRED-THOUSAND DRUNKEN STUPORS ...BUT NOT ME...
...AND I DON'T NEED A PROJECTIONIST ANYMORE ANYWAY... THE THEATER'S CLOSED... HAS BEEN FOR MONTHS...
YOU'D HAVE SEEN THAT IF YOU WEREN'T SO WRAPPED UP IN YOUR FANTASY WORLD..:
...NOW YOU'D BETTER BE OUT BY THE MORNING... BECAUSE THE WRECKERS ARE COMING THEN...
...AND THEY'LL TAKE THIS PLACE APART BRICK BY BRICK-- IF YOU'RE STILL IN IT...THEY'LL TAKE YOU APART TOO!

NOW LISTEN TO ME OLD LAWRENCE...
DON'T CALL ME OLD... I'M YOUNGER THAN YOUR FATHER IS...
YOU OLD IDIOT...
...DON'T YOU REALIZE... YOUR MIND IS ROTTEN... SENILE... MY FATHER IS DEAD... LONG DEAD... I OWN THIS PLACE NOW...
YOUR FATHER WOULD NEVER HAVE DONE THIS TO ME...
LISTEN OLD MAN... THIS PARKING LOT VENTURE IS WORTH MILLIONS TO ME...
WHO CARES?
...WHAT'S AN OLD THEATER WORTH... A FEW THOUSAND A YEAR... AND I'D HAVE TO SPEND A FORTUNE TO FIX IT UP...
BUT I'D FIX IT FOR YOU... I WOULD...
DON'T BE RIDICULOUS...
...BY TOMORROW MORNING... YOU BE OUT... OR I'LL HAVE THE POLICE IN AFTER YOU...
FOR EMERGEN ONLY
THE POLICE...
...CAN'T LET THEM COME...
...I'D HAVE TO LEAVE MY FRIENDS...
...AND I CAN'T LET THAT HAPPEN...

YOU MUST REMEMBER -- OLD LAWRENCE HAS MUCH PRECEDENCE SET FOR THIS ACT... FOR IN THE FILMS THE JUSTICE OF THE INDIVIDUAL IS FREQUENTLY MET BY TAKING THE SCALES OF FATE INTO YOUR OWN HANDS...
...THIS IS ALL THAT OLD LAWRENCE HAS DONE...TAKEN JUSTICE INTO HIS OWN HANDS...
PERHAPS I AM OLD...AND SENILE... BUT NOT TOO OLD TO FORGET HOW TO FIGHT...NOT TOO SENILE TO FORGET HOW MY FRIENDS WOULD HANDLE A SITUATION LIKE THIS...
I WILL NOT FLEE... I HAVE NO PLACE TO GO...I WILL WAIT FOR THEM TO COME IN THE MORNING...
...AND WHEN THEY DO... THEY'LL BE IN FOR A SURPRISE...
I REMEMBER... IN ALL THE OLD FILMS ...THE VICTIMIZED HERO WOULD NEVER FLEE...HE WOULD STAY...AND FIGHT...
...AND IT WOULD ALL END WELL... IN THE END...
KINDA SORRY I GOTTA SWING THIS BALL AT THE OLD PLACE...I USTA GO THERE AS A KID ON SATURDAYS...
...FILL MY FACE WITH POPCORN...
YEH...AN' IT ONLY USTA COST A DIME...
...NOW WHAT KIN YOU DO WITH A DIME TODAY... REMEMBER THE FIRST PICTURE I EVER SAW...
IT WAS A TARZAN FLICK... BUSTER CRABBE ... I REMEMBER GOIN' HOME AFTER THE MOVIE THINKIN' ABOUT THE WAY HE SWUNG THRU THOSE VINES LIKE...
...HEY...
AM I SEEIN' THINGS?
IF YOU ARE I'M SEEIN' THEM TOO...
ASSASSINS!! YOU WANT TO TAKE MY HOME FROM ME... TAKE THIS MAN'S LIFE... HE IS THE MURDEROR!
HERE IS YOUR VICTIM... ALREADY DEAD... ALREADY A VICTIM OF HIS OWN GREED... YOU NEED LABOR NO LONGER WITH YOUR WRECKING BALLS AND SHOVELS...NOT HERE...
...GO SOMEWHERE ELSE... GO AND DESTROY YOUR OWN HOMES... LEAVE ME IN PEACE... IN MINE...

WHAT'S HAPPENING... WE GOT A CALL...
...IT WAS LIKE... SOMETHIN' OUT OF A MOVIE! SOME OLD GUY ON THE ROOF OF THE MOVIE HOUSE...
...STARTED YELLING SOMETHING... WE COULDN'T HEAR A WORD HE SAID... THEN HE THREW DOWN THIS BODY...
...NOTHIN' WE COULD DO... ALREADY DEAD... HEAD BUSTED OPEN...
FREEZE MISTER... MOVE AN INCH AND I'LL SLICE A SHELL THROUGH YOUR BRAIN!
HE'S YELLING SOMETHING... CAN'T HEAR HIM...
...GOT A RIFLE AIMED UP AT ME...
...I CAN'T HEAR YOU... CAN YOU HEAR ME?--I CAN'T HEAR YOU...
PWUUUNK PWWAAANNN
MY GOD... THEY'LL KILL ME...
...THOSE BULLETS WERE MEANT TO KILL ME...
...GOT TO RUN...
I REMEMBER... IN A CIRCUS PICTURE I SAW ONCE... HOW A MAN WALKED ACROSS A CABLE OVER NIAGARA FALLS...
...I SHOULD BE ABLE TO WALK A FEW FEET TO THAT OTHER ROOFTOP...
...TO SAVE MY LIFE...
...MY BRAIN... SPINNING... GETTING DIZZY...
WALK THE TIGHTROPE OLD LAWRENCE... WALK IT JUST A FEW FEET MORE... YOU'LL FIND YOURSELF AT THE END...
... OF NOWHERE...
NOWHERE TO GO... IT WAS A DEAD END... I SHOULD HAVE LOOKED... IT DIDN'T WORK LIKE IT WORKS FOR THE HERO IN THE FILMS...
STAY CALM OLD MAN... DON'T MOVE ... JUST STAY PUT...
...JUST HOLD ONTO THE WALL FOR A FEW MINUTES AND...
EEEEEAAAAAAUUUUUHHHHH!!!
OH MY GOD!

I TRIED TO WARM HIM... HE... HE WOULDN'T LISTEN!
IT DOESN'T MATTER MUCH... HE KILLED THE OWNER OF THE MOVIE HOUSE...THE LAW WOULD'VE MADE HIM PAY FOR HIS CRIME ANYWAY...
...STILL... IT'S A SHAME ISN'T IT... NOT A SOUL CAME TO SEE HIM BURIED...
...I GUESS... HE DIDN'T HAVE A FRIEND IN THE WORLD!
NO FRIENDS IN THE WORLD?... TELL THAT TO OLD LAWRENCE, OFFICERS... SOMETIME LATER THAT NIGHT WHEN A MOON HIGH IN THE WET SKY SHUDDERS AT AN INCREDIBLE SIGHT... TRY TELLING HIM THEN...
LAWRENCE SUDBURY
THEY TRIED TO MAKE ME LEAVE THIS WORLD...
...BEFORE I HAD A CHANCE TO SAY GOODBYE... TO MY FRIENDS...
THEY DIDN'T GIVE ME A CHANCE... BUT I KNOW THEY'LL STILL BE WAITING... THEY'LL WAIT FOR ME FOREVER...
STRANGE... I FEEL NO PAIN... EVEN THO I KNOW I'M REALLY DEAD... SHOULDN'T I FEEL SOME PAIN?...
WHEN I FELL... SMASHED INTO THE GROUND... I DIDN'T LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS...
...JUST FELT WEAK... LIKE I HAD TO SLEEP... BUT NOW I FEEL RESTED... MUST GET BACK TO MY FRIENDS...
WHAT HAVE THEY DONE?
CONDEMNED... CONDEMNED... HOW CAN THEY CONDEMN A PALACE... A HOME... HOW CAN THEY WRECK A MAN'S HOME LIKE IT WAS JUST SO MUCH GARBAGE...
CONDEMNED
CONDEMNED
...THEY HAVE NO RIGHT... BUT... IT MATTERS NOT TO ME ANYMORE... I STILL HAVE MY FRIENDS...
IT'S ALREADY BEGUN...
...DEAR LORD... HOW COULD YOU LET THIS HAPPEN... THE GREATEST, GRANDEST PLACE IN ALL THE WORLD...
...YOU LET THEM PUT IT TO RUIN...
...LET IT CRUMBLE TO DUST...

BUT... NOW I AM HOME...
...I CAN SEE MY FRIENDS AGAIN...ALL MY FRIENDS... I KNOW THEIR WORDS... I KNOW WHAT THEY'LL SAY TO ME...
...I'VE KNOWN THEM FOR SO LONG...
AH... MY FILM STARTS... BASIL RATHBONE--MY FRIEND...
GOOD EVENING BASIL...
GOOD EVENING...THIS IS SCREAM SCREEN THEATER! ...HOLD YOUR SEATS WITH WHITE KNUCKLES FOR THE TRIO OF FILMS YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE WILL TWIST YOUR MINDS...
OUR FIRST FEATURE IS-- SON OF FRANKENSTEIN...
MASTER...TELL ME OF MY ORIGIN... TELL ME...
MASTER... TELL ME OF MY ORIGIN... TELL ME...
YOUR FATHER... AND MOTHER...I CREATED FROM THE DUST OF THE EARTH...EVEN AS THEY CREATED YOU...
YOUR FATHER... AND MOTHER...I CREATED FROM THE DUST OF THE EARTH... EVEN AS THEY CREATED YOU...
AH...A FACE I KNOW WELL... THE FACE OF MY FRIEND THE FLY... AS HE IS CHANGED ONCE AGAIN INTO A MAN...
ZZZZIIIIMMMMMMM
ZIIIIMMMMMMBBBB
I'M HUMAN AGAIN... AGAIN I'M A MAN...
I'M HUMAN AGAIN...AGAIN I'M A MAN...
NOW MY FRIEND... MY LAST GREAT FRIEND...THE UNDYING DRACULA...
MONSTER... YOU'VE STOLEN YOUR LAST VICTIM... WE DEMAND YOUR PUNISHMENT...
YOU DARE APPROACH ME... OF ROYAL BLOOD... I AM THE ETERNAL...
IT IS YOU WHO WILL NOW DIE...
YOU DARE APPROACH ME... OF ROYAL BLOOD... I AM THE ETERNAL...
IT IS YOU WHO WILL NOW DIE...

FIENDS... HAVE YOU NO COMPASSION...
...THE LIGHT... THE MORNING LIGHT... EEEEAAAAAAAA
FIENDS... HAVE YOU NO COMPASSION...
...THE LIGHT...THE MORNING LIGHT... EEEEAUUUHHHHH...
THE MONSTER... IS DEAD... PERHAPS NOW... OUR CHILDREN CAN KNOW THE MEANING OF PEACE... ...WITHOUT HIM... THE WORLD IS A MUCH BETTER PLACE...
SO ENDS THE UNREAL WORLD OF THE REAL... FOR ONE OLD MAN... OLD LAWRENCE... WHO HAS DIED WITH MUCH HONOR AND DIGNITY... LIKE ROYALTY... WITH HIS ROYAL, LOYAL

SKYWALD RE-WRITES THE GREAT HORROR MOVIES ...
...A ROUND OF MOOD-TEAM APPLAUSE GOES OUT TO KARLOFF, CHANEY, LEE, CUSHING, PRICE AND LUGOSI FOR THOSE MAGNIFICENT-MANIACAL HORROR-GREATS THEY BROUGHT TO THE MOVIE-MACABRE **SCREAM SCREEN**...SEEMS TO US THO, THAT **NOTHIN'** ON THIS GROTESQUE GREY EARTH IS ABOVE **PARODY**... HENCE OUR LEERING SATIRICAL LOOK AT...

# FRANKENSTEIN

...I ONLY COME INTO TOWN FOR FOOD... FOR THE COMPANY OF FELLOW HUMANS... ...I NEED THE COMPANIONSHIP OF OTHERS LIKE EVERY OTHER HUMAN BEING... ...NO MAN IS AN ISLAND-- NO MAN IS SUCH A MONSTER...

...BUT THEY REJECT ME...
...TAUNT AND JEER ME LIKE A COMMON BEAST... I WAS PERHAPS NOT BORN IN THE SAME FASHION AS THEY... BUT IT DOES NOT CHANGE THE FACT THAT I AM HUMAN...
HEWETSON AND CINTRON

...NOW...FLIP THE PAGE FOR OUR WEIRD TWIST...

...FUTURE "RE-WRITES" WILL INCLUDE A LOOK AT *THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*, *THE MUMMY*, *THE RAVEN* AND *DRACULA*... JUST A WEE BIT OF LUNACY FROM THE MOOD-TEAM WEIRDOS IN THE *HORROR-MOOD* FASHION...

In an authenticated animal life encyclopedia I recently had occasion to read that sewers of certain cities in this nation today are FILLED with enormous ALLIGATORS. A few years ago it was popular to posess an infant alligator as a pet. These creatures were shipped from their EVERGLADES breeding grounds in water-protected cardboard containers through the mails to the excited buyers, usually children, who before long tired of the care necessary to protect and feed their pets. The pets, further, soon grew too large to be taken casually anymore, and in the end were deposited in mass down toilet bowls. According to the esteemed and credible report, these beasts did not at all die. . . but continued to live by breeding on human waste in the underground tunnels of the city. . . where it has been recorded — that on numerous occasions they have actually attacked sewer workers. This in no way explains the singular and awkward occurence of August the 13th last in my home in Providence, Rhode Island, where I serve as a librarian to the adjoining township PAWTUCKET public library. Providence is a city noted for its weird and narrow and old streets. . . it was on those mad by-ways that I met

# . . . IT . . .

. . .by Archaic AL HEWETSON
and illustrated by Macabre MAELO CINTRON

On this night it was very black. . . a hint of blue slowly walked over the moon as I myself walked, wondering over the peculiar youths I had met earlier; people of my own age but with such differing opinions to mine — given always to skepticism over macabre reports, such as the one just related of the teaming alligator community under our cities. My arguments as to the actual scientific plausibility of this report were received by mostly mockery by the group, who quite criticized my (noted) morbidity and dim and narrow attitudes. Perhaps, I tend to think, if they were given to the same physical weaknesses that I am they would understand better those attitudes, acquired, as they were, from years of torturous confinement due to my nervous nature and generally weak physical frame.

I was considering their optimisms as I walked through those near blackened streets, and deep into my thoughts, failed to observe the cobblestones seem to shudder underneath my boots. I became aware of this grumbling only when I chanced to see a glitter between the stones, and bended to receive a half-dollar piece some careless person must have dropped earlier. As I reached for the coin the shuddering and bellowing of the ground came to my ears in a fantastic rush. It was frightening moments before I came to my senses to realize that the pounding might only be caused by late night-early morning sewer workers, and that I had only chanced to stand above their heads as they went unfaulteringly about their dismal work.

Still, I quickened my step as I thought of the lunatic conjectures and fears that had, for a frightening few moments, filled my mind with uncontrollable dread. As I now turned onto Pine Street from Garnett Street I perceived a movement in the street just ahead of me. I struggled to keep my senses clear — but with no mistake I saw the black sewer lid directly before me SHIFT and LIFT. . .a movement as of something greatly disturbed seemed to grow steadily out the hole. . . almost gradually I became paralized and found I could not move my body in the slightest. . . I stood paranoid and frozen . . . only my FACE registered the expression of utter FEAR that welled up within.

As I watched, a slime covered kind of inhuman tentacle slithered up and out and groped about near my feet. The mushy slopping sound of the thing was almost horribly drowned out by the near intelligent, loud muttering of the abomination that continued to creep out the manhole weeping and clattering about and sucking the air madly. Three arms, if any man would call them ARMS, now protruded from that pit — they suddenly seemed to become attached to the ground by means of their suction sups. . . it was evident in their awful straining that they were PULLING something ELSE up from underneath. . . something unimaginable. . . something GOD cannot lay claim to. . . something even SATAN might detest in its mutant absurdity. . . I wanted to yell. . . to SCREAM . . . but no sound came from within me save a quiet involuntary sob. The cover now fell away completely and the rim around the hole swelled as a mass of grey-red mutilated clear-veined FLESH slid and fell upwards. . . it came and it came and it came without end till it covered the street and filled in the cracks between the cobblestones and surrounded me. It was a thing with no eyes, with too many arms to be named as a mutated member of the SQUID family; it bore no semblance to anything I had ever known or heard of or read of — but I was convinced it was bred not by mere unholy accident but of utter consumate EVIL . . .

. . . it closed around me. . . its leering flesh gripping into my own. . . and only when it began to CLIMB ME did I elect to cry out the shriek that was walled within me. . . and when I screamed even the BEAST seemed to shudder at its mad intensity. . .

. . . I found myself unfrozen — but was completely surrounded by the thing; somehow the last shred of reason left me and I RAN ON IT. . .oh god. . .THE REVOLTING EMOTION I FELT AS I RAN ON IT. . . the utter MUSH of IT. . . I was running on fleshly absorbant quicksand that sucked at my feet and pulled and clawed and clutched and grabbed me as I ran. . . oh God. . . ran as I have never run before. . . ran a million steps to accomplish fifteen feet of wallowing entrenched fleshy squalor. . .

In an endless run I passed through a parking lot and up to Abbott Park Place, a small square bordered by businesses on 3 sides and Providence's main street on the other, where, I thank the Lord was parked a police squad car. The police accompanied me back, only after much persuasion on their part, to the scene of the mad occurence. . . but no sign of the monster was found, and the officers, justified in their conclusions perhaps, merely scoffed at my exaggerated and breathless report of the abomination. . .

There was nothing I could say, nothing I might do to persuade them that what I had reported was born of substance and not my own admittedly agitated mind. They did not even accept the proof that I offered them. . . the bubbling undefinable SLIME that still coated the cobblestones, and the unexplained open MANHOLE COVER that lay an incredible 20 FEET from its natural socket. . .

...I AM DRACULA...
...AND VERY SOON I WILL BE PRESENTED AS A REGULAR CONTINUED FEATURE BY THE MOOD-TEAM IN THE MANIACAL HORROR-MOOD FASHION...
...AND I LOOK FORWARD TO THAT MOMENT... IN NIGHTMARE # 12...
FOR THERE IS ONLY ONE DRACULA
...ONLY ONE...
...AND DRACULA DID NOT DIE!...